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## ALONE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

O sea, with your breakers, roar!
O rocks, with your surges, moan!
My lover, my darling, will come no more,
And I am alone, alone!

He left me at break of day,
And his boat it put out to sea;
I watch for his white sail on the bay,
But he never comes back to me.

I carry his babe on my breast,
And call it my fisherman's pride;
Its sweet lids close into happy rest,
But he never comes to my side.

At night, on the harbor bar,
I hear the wild surges moan;
But I catch no glance of his bending spar,
And I am alone, alone!

I sit in my cabin home,
Down by the troubled sea,
And sadly talk to the senseless foam
That brings him not back to me.

O foam! have you kissed the boat
That bears on its deck my sweet?
O wind! and O water! cheerily float
His bark to my waiting feet.

For I am alone, alone!
I wait for him night and day;
The wild waves dash, and the breakers moan,
But he comes not into the bay.

# ROSE:

## THE SPLENDORS AND MISERIES

OF

## THEATRICAL LIFE.

Translated for The New York Clipper from the French of Edouard Cadol.

### CHAPTER II.

READING IN THE GREENROOM.

He did not always style himself La Trefailles. Still his name possessed nothing comic in either consonance or signification. His certificate of birth declared him to be Andre Leon Victor, son of Leonard Francis Libourt and of Charlotte Victorine Amelie Levard. Two reasons determined him upon the assumption of a pseudonym. In the first place, that vocable "Libourt" appeared to him dull, meaningless, and difficult of retention. Moreover, of his entire family there was alone remaining to him an uncle, brother to his deceased father, who, at the present moment, was honorary notary at Avesnes—Maitre Libourt, who could not understand why "his name should be dragged into the newspapers." Should he once perceive it there, the worthy fellow would have played terrible havoc with his nephew, inasmuch as, being vindictive and brawling man, he had been accustomed to lay down the law to his neighbors. That dated from his infancy.

Under pretext of his being of an archdelicate complexion he went coming into the world, and of his fear of losing him ten times in early youth, he had been so petted that he finished by ruling the entire household—father, mother, grandparents, and brother in the bargain. It followed, as a consequence, that his nephew stood in horrible dread of him; so much the more as he had turned his back upon him for the remainder of his days, for no fault save aspiration to literary occupations. Through prudential motives, as well as a predilection for euphony, the young Andre Leon Victor Libourt fabricated a name called that of Leon Larivee, inasmuch as the career for which he made preparation is ordinarily a combat of wild men tussling with main strength. For a long time he hesitated, longing to appropriate the particle. When one promotes oneself, he knows how high to advance, and Monsieur *de* Trefailles" rang delectably upon his ear. Still, in anticipation of more than one rivalry, and, should he not succeed in the future, of more than one scathing mockery, he dreaded any exposition of his flank to the enemy. The *de*," however, fascinated him, while "Trefailles," all short, was a handle to a name. Then he hit upon "La Trefailles," and found salvation in these double words. The *la* was worth almost as much as the *de*, and as a prefix was no ostentatious pretension to nobility. He, consequently, adhered to "La Trefailles," and those who, through misconception, wrote him down as "Monsieur de La Trefailles" missed a hundred miles from disobliging him.

His whole character was concentrated in this point. Afflicted with morbid cravings, and propodionately factitious, he lacked energy in the main, clearly and above board, the face of society. Native of Ardivilliers, in Beauvais, he inherited that phase of Picardian malignity which, accommodating itself to emergencies, aspires to high aims through petty means, while relying upon the frankness of another to accomplish its purposes.

"There is no scurvy trade," says a proverb of his province, "but plenty of scurvy people:" and his father had no hesitation in admitting, during his lifetime, that he was a big-dealer, a calling readily enriching him following it. In fact, Papa Libourt had not mistaken his mission, inasmuch as his house had been a prolonged paradise. His wife was a gossip, taking the world easy, and his younger son, placed first with the Brothers of Beauvais, and afterwards at Saint Acheul, could mumble in Latin like a commoner of high degree.

In that province was a current opinion that Latin was all-sufficient to enable a man to cut a figure in the world—not to sell hogs, exactly; but to become a notary, assuredly. Such was the ambition of the worthy Libourt—dedicated, in the first instance, to the Church—had rebounded from the seminary as far as the official position he finally purchased in the pretty little subprefecture of Avesnes.

What surieled Papa Libourt was that Leon Victor was consigned to Paris, like many others, not to study law, but, according to the phrase, "to make his law." It can be readily believed that the gallant roisterer did as much, besides making bills and numerous junketing disorders. Another would have stopped there, but he, in addition, made verses.

It would seem a matter of no importance for a student to forget himself amid "caresses of the Muse." It appeared a weakness of the intellect with a majority of gentlemen in the black gown; for are there not even lawyers' clerks who, with a secret drawer, poems, generally of a Bacchanalian order, for your delectation, to be swallowed as Pindaric compositions? Nevertheless, the great mass of poor wretches, scraping their boots on the doormats of publishers' managers, have come out in no other manner. Tempted to labor and supplant Hugo, Lamartine, and particularly Alfred de Musset—oh! how many victims have fallen to this man's share, almost as many as to Murger—at the instigation of reckless companions and fast ladies, patronesses of the old Chaumiere, the embryo lawyer has deserted office and stamped paper to throw over the hill-tops a future up to that moment illuminated by a halo surmounting a robe of ermine.

At the moment, it is true, the son of the swine-merchant did not propose to tempt the devil; had not his worthy sire performed miracles in dealing in the companions of St. Anthony? That shrewd man was doubtless so keen at a bargain as to be monarch of the fair, whenever it came around. Still, Papa Libourt owned a falling, not uncommon to his social class—and which, after all, formed a portion of his professional accomplishment; he was gamester as well as trader. After market, and a good dinner at the inn, having drained everything from the Picard pear-cider to the Hermitage of Lotte, he was wont to deal, over a dirty cloth, a pack of greasy cards, a grimace accompanying each turn of the card. Cunning, tricky, and vain of his shrewdness, he possessed the arts of an agreeable rascal, which, when successful, filled his soul with Satanic joy, while he laughed in his sleeve, ready to burst his sides. The losers' anger inspired him with a paroxysm of glorification. The more they railed, the more they stormed, the greater was he at ease. Their insults even appeared to tickle his fancy. It was no account his being without an equal in the rounding of swine, neither his being the head man in France to entrap a comrade into purchasing a prime lot of worthless merchandise at extravagant prices. All that, thank Heaven! was business.

We sell or we do not sell hogs; but better than the fact of sale is the art of *swamping* a customer. This is not shrewdness. That which it is is hilarity, assurance, self-reliance, vanity; it is, in a word, appearing to be uneasy in putting down a stake, while holding a winning hand. So, when someone, holding thirty to win, lays down as much as he can with the observation: "I cover it, Papa Libourt!" he makes his play and is beaten. Papa Libourt has gained! With good reason he is proud.

And the good fellow was so; and although oftentimes he thanked Heaven for having provided him with respectable muscles, enormous as they did escape without whacks after cleaning out a comrade, he would not own the Pope for his uncle.

Still the world of swine-dealers is no more exempt than others from a certain relaxation of morality. In the presence of which a number of honest Frenchmen, sad at heart, aver that the nation is be rotten at the core, in proof of which their words are unheeded. Into society, at times, slip men, whose notions of moral honor are vague, and for whom it would appear that our common mother Eve wasted time in plucking fruit from the tree of knowledge. Two or three such gentlemen, possibly warmed up by Papa Libourt's "sharp tricks," made no scruple in turning the tables upon him through playing one of their own invention. It was very simple, at the best, this trick; a child could have invented it. It consisted simply in arranging the cards in a certain order before they were dealt. Simple as it was, it for a long while crowned its originators with success. Ah! Papa Libourt could well dissemble—now hesitate at his leisure. As they were acquainted with the contents of his hand, they merely played their cards and picked up the takes, act as he would. The good man's laugh was on the wrong side of his mouth. In fact, he laughed not at all, but, in turn, boiled over with rage, not against his adversaries, whom he affected to despise with sovereign contempt, but against that intangible element—chance! Chance! What could be more stupid? And he so keen and cunning, not to be master in the long run? Come, now! Everything, moreover, consisted in the disposition of his stakes. Then, all odds calculated, as a final stroke, upon what *ponte* to place the most money in advance. This is known to all reflective gamblers—a fundamental truth, an axiom!

Heaven be praised! it did not fail him; and since, likewise, he played only that, down went his silver and there was his stake; who dared cover it? They dared, and for a good reason. The unfortunate man perceived himself stripped of a portion of his wealth. That would have been nothing, had not his self-pride been rifled as well. But, alas! the cup was filled to the brim. Humiliated at perpetual loss against novices, sorrow seized upon him. He neglected his business. In his turn he was caught upon a lot of worthless merchandise, bought at highest price for the best.

One day he overheard persons speaking of him. One said:

"He is failing fast, that Papa Libourt."

"Yes," the other responded. "I think a spell has been thrown over him."

He was startled.

Subsequently, upon an August night—one of those moonless nights when the atmosphere, impregnated with lukewarm humidity and surcharged with electricity, is stifling to inhale; one of those nights, illuminated by the Milky Way, when the heavens are traversed by shooting stars—the stable-boy of the Ardivilliers hostelry imagined he heard Soliman neigh upon the highway. Soliman was a fine Percheron horse, with silky, piebald coat, placed in the cabriolet when Papa Libourt went to the fair. The stable-boy arose and went out to see. It was in reality the Percheron, Soliman, regularly harnessed to the shaft of the cabriolet, appearing in good condition, although leaning slightly upon his forelegs. At a first glance no one appeared in the cabriolet; but, upon closer inspection, the groom observed a fallen mass between the seat and the dashboard. It was Papa Libourt. He had died from rush of blood to the head. There was no more complicated piece of business than the settlement of that man's mercantile affairs. It was presumed that a handsome fortune would be discovered, and they found nothing save a bundle of notes in circulation. True, none had been protested, but the sum total could not be imagined. He had, moreover, some mortgages.

Uncle Libourt, who, in his capacity as notary, had passed an existence without drawing up a bill of sale, marriage contract or will, lost his head amid this financial confusion. A business man of Beauvais, better versed as to the current of affairs, proposed to plead a simple issue, "gaming debts," and thus close the advocate's mouth. But the notary, henceforth titular, placed his dignity in evidence, and, with the heart of a hero, preferred that his sister-in-law and nephew should pine in misery and want, than that the habits of his brotiier should be noised abroad, and hence the debts were paid. The widow, plain and honest woman, with all the sensitiveness of a peasant, however, submitted to that fatal law voluntarily observed by all beings approximating to a state of nature—a law compelling the survivor of a pair to succumb quickly to a cessation of habits. As the farm-horse, accustomed to the stable or stable companion, pines, refuses to eat and dies when the latter is taken away, in like manner the good-woman, without sickness, without distress of mind, and, above all, without complaint, still lacking self-sustenance, wasted, lost appetite, and deceased. The accounts balanced, the fees of the Government and lawyers' costs liquidated, there was left to Andre Leon Victor Libourt a legacy of eighteen bank-bills of a thousand francs each. The first he expended to pay the expenses of publishing his book of poems, "Les Aulnoies Sonores de l'Endemain." It was designed for the comprehension of the masses, but was replete with subtleties, understood by himself. As a vignette he had an etching of himself, executed by a friend, an engraver, who was not contented until he had emblazoned the cover of the volume with the poet's name in fantastic letters. Only, to the sonorous La Trefailles the future author of "The Old Folks" had added a prenom of his selection, "George."

Why? Do you wish to know? The name of George pleased him! Little as the reader may ever have had, at the age of twenty-three seventeen good and handsome thousand-franc bills in his pocket, he will dispense with our informing him as to the exact length of time these lasted our friend La Trefailles. His intimate acquaintances enjoyed a general holiday; this is the most certain part of the business. And what is no less certain is that, at the end of fifteen months, not a solitary franc of his paternal inheritance remained in his possession. But *The Vindictive Scorpion*, a weekly journal of rare sale, published underneath the galleries of the Odeon, had spoken most honorably of the "Aultrefois de l'Endemain." Only, perhaps, among so many criticisms, which should be erudite, the bibliophilist of this province of this youthful circulation had appreciated at its just literary value the orthographic publication of these two words. Unfortunately, the article in *The Vindictive Scorpion* produced neither heat nor cold. After the sale of thirty copies to the knot of maniacs purchasing it whenever it appeared, the publisher exhausted his edition.

It was, nevertheless, necessary to live. But how? *The Bascohe* was no longer in existence. The poor devil was reduced to the necessity of doing everything presenting itself, provided he could wield a pen. He fabricated *romanzas* for the prima donna of the Alcazar; he concocted vaudevilles for Bobino, Cadet-Buisson plays for aristocratic society, novelties for ladies' journals, notes about town for *The Shirtmakers' Gazette*; all trivial employments, the public may suppose, yet through them passed the philosophers of the literary world upon their entrance into that republican sphere, provided they had not at least back some tangible income or sustaining allowance.

Likewise was he compelled to pass those singular collaborations with an associate in repute, leaving you in the shade, and oftentimes forcing you to the loan-office, lest your light be hidden beneath his bushel. He likewise was compelled to submit to the humiliating bargaining of stage-managers, substituting themselves for the author before the public and before the theatrical cash-box. And, more than once, starting out in the morning, a manuscript beneath his arm, with aching stomach and lengthened chin he returns to his lodging repelled, humiliated, broken down.

The public know not the cost of their amusement. They believe that an author has merely to seat himself at a table and scribble over foolscap. Happy people! never look behind the curtain; need only would you cease to hiss, but few among you would have the heart to laugh at the tomfooleries written by an unfortunate to excite your mirth.

George plunged head over heels into this stormy vortex in a maddened chase after the bubble reputation. For the cementing of compulsory relations with an entire world of intermediary parasites he employed his natural qualities; and without becoming peevish—he was still too young—he grew susceptible and distrustful. Envy, undisguised envy, entered his heart. His natural gayety, found, heretofore, in pleasant sallies, was no longer exercised save to the detriment of others—of his colleagues most generally, those in reputation. To peruse the scarifying of one of them in the feuilleton of a leading journal was a supreme joy, and, having obtained the composition of a feuilleton himself, he indulged in such a scarification of the "old fogies" that he closed every door against him. Without dreading him otherwise, the theatrical managers pointed their fingers at him, and, had the newspaper not become bankrupt, it would have finished in creating for itself what is termed "an affair."

One morning, while breakfasting at a *cabaulot* in the Rue Racine, his porter came to inform him that a gentleman desired to see him immediately. Quick as a flash, George ran over in his memory the list of his creditors. Which was sufficiently exasperated to seek for a disturbance under like circumstances? No one. This mission was for some other purpose. And, with the first exception, all must go well. He gulped down what the waiter called "coffee," and returned, with alacrity, to his domicile.

Beneath the carriage entrance a large-sized gentleman, scrupulously dressed, clean-shaven and fresh-looking, with a jovial countenance, was walking, while munching a low-priced cigar. It was the future protector of George, he who could later say: "Twas I who started him on his career. 'Twas I who made him." The gentleman was Francis Flourquinet, at that moment stage-manager of a theatrical specialty.

"My dear sir," said he to the young man, with that familiarity characteristic of his profession, "we have, as you are aware, made a terrible bungle, night before last, with that piece of Three Stars."

"I am aware of it," responded George, mentally rejoiced at the catastrophe.

"Note that which I predicted him," quoth the stage-manager, who reproached himself for suffering an opportunity to escape. "He is finished, poor Three Stars, used up, dead!"

"As a door-nail," rejoined George.

"Moreover," resumed Flourquinet, "has he ever had anything respectable in his budget?"

"Why! Three Stars? Ah! sir——"

"I remember, in fact, an article wherein you handsomely set him down."

George smiled modestly.

"And, moreover," quoth the manager, "you will perceive that that does not serve for nothing. At your very house you made sport of him. Behold us now cured of him," resumed Flourquinet. "The failure of night before last greatly embarrasses us."

"How is that?" inquired George. "I read in the newspapers that you have a five-act play by Chapelaine (a good idea, by the way!), and a piece by that intriguing Fortune Lamie."

"Yes; but Chapelaine and Lamie will neither consent to production in August. We have still further a little 'countrance' by Papa des Aulnoies, but that smells rancid. And to repay us for two failures in succession——

"OUR JIM'S" CONTRIBUTIONS TO WORKS OF ART IN THE ANNEX TO MEMORIAL HALL. 1776—CENTENNIAL—1876!

"There is luck in odd numbers," interrupted George, whose heart commenced beating through a budding presentiment.

"Consequently, I—I have thought of something. What was that piece of yours, rejected by the Vaudeville?"

"The Old Folks?"

"Yes. Colson spoke to me strongly about it."

"Colson!" ejaculated George excitedly.

"Ah! it must have been Colson."

"I am aware—very intelligent man, Colson," added George quickly, fearing to have annoyed his visitor through this interruption.

"Listen," in turn interrupted the stage-manager. "If you have the manuscript, give it to me, and I will read it myself to the management, and, provided everything goes well, you shall succeed Three Stars. Does that suit?"

"Yes," replied George, pale and trembling.

"It will be produced in August."

"Yes."

"No regular actress in the cast."

"Yes? well, well ——"

"Should you have need of any modifications ——"

George felt chilled, anticipating proposition of some collaborator, whose name would precede his on the bills, and who would demand half the profits, while to him likewise would be attributed the entire merit in the event of a success.

"Should you have need of any modifications," repeated Flourquinet, "make them yourself without further discussion."

George embraced him.

"See you, my dear fellow," added the stage-manager, "the object in producing the piece of a young author? Should it fail, it is nevertheless an honorable attempt; should it succeed, it will certainly make a hit; but less than a month I keep your name on the bill for a good month at least, because—and I tell you confidentially—the manager desires to conciliate the Minister, in view of his taking the Odeon, in order to be decorated with the Legion of Honor after a time. There are funny folks in this world," concluded he, shrugging his shoulders "but, never mind, he will hang it out, my dear friend."

George caught but few of the words. It was a matter of indifference to him whether the manager was decorated or not. He understood but one thing clearly: they were going to produce for him an important piece at one of the principal second-class theatres in Paris.

"Come upstairs," he said; "I will give you the manuscript."

"The Old Folks," represented for the first time, August 29, remained on the bills the entire Winter, with average nightly receipts of two thousand five hundred francs.

Chapelaine was furious. Fortune Lamie, more crafty, proposed to George to collaborate with him on opera-comique. He attached himself to the train of the rising sun.

Upon vote of Camille Doucet, the French Academy proclaimed "The Old Folks" to be a moral and literary work, well calculated to elevate the standard of French dramatic art; and their said vote, in solitary resection with respe title, which the academicians might, perc preferred to have been no less satirical, yet ore conformable to the spirit of the famous ary.

And this was not all. hel Levy, having delayed playing it in Paris, the provinces overwhelmed the young a ith solicitations to obtain it in manuscript. Madame Michaud of the Park Theatre Royal made the voyage from Brussels with the aim of supplanting Delvil of the Galeries Saint Hubert. The manager-general of the French Theatre at St. Petersburg wrote to him directly.

And all this, with many other things, related daily in the newspapers, had brought in to the young man more than one hundred thousand francs in royalty payments.

His head was turned.

But one solitary discordant note made itself heard in the midst of this concert of adulations—a brief dialogue overheard by him on the first night between the first and second acts. The conversationalists, known to George, were two of those unfortunates who, beneath pretense of decentralization, fabricate operettas for the provinces.

One said:

"By whom this piece?"

"By a man named La Trefailles."

"Who is the fellow?"

"Nobody knows; some scholar of the Normal School; one of those paupers of the Government."

Then, in chorus both, and in a tone of profound contempt:

"Oh, the blost!"

More than once, in height of triumphal prosperity, George remembered this dialogue. And measuring by this standard the extent of hatred, provoked through success, amid the depths of professional muddles, he shuddered at the thought of probable reaction. But it was afar off, and the tenor of his existence terminated in a complete bewilderment.

In May, Chapelaine's piece succeeded "The Old Folks." George, almost unanimously elected, replaced his colleague in the Commission of Dramatic Authors and Composers, and his comrades, as he entered office upon him, while he dined with the Minister. Should all be told, there would be no finish. The best is that Chapelaine's piece only ran forty nights. The little "contrivance" of Des Aulnoies went up with an explosion. The grand Winter piece, first represented in October, encountered a Homeric defeat, and thereupon "The Old Folks" resumed its place on the bills with superb receipts.

To sum up, during two years George advanced from triumph to triumph—feasted, praised, flattered. Everything within him was expanded. He was enchanted at moving in society, and nothing better delighted him than to be an agreeable guest. The mishap of the funeral discourse was the first annoyance. Despite all the rigmarole Philippen could concoct touching this subject, George was very sensitive at the rebuff.

"No," said he to his friend, "you weary me, you do. I well know, *parbleu!* that my discourse was bad. Such matters do not come within my scope, and I attach no importance to them. But, see you, I shall never forget the smiling heads of all those folks looking at me. They were angels, those animals were. True, when I think upon it, it is fearful to have enemies! Among the pack there is not one who would hesitate, for a hundred francs, to bite me next piece." Then, resuming confidence: "But not so, my good friends," he said with a slightly constrained smile—"La Trefailles is not such a simpleton. He will grow stronger and stronger, as did Nicolet. The shrewdest thing I can do is to produce something better than 'The Old Folks.'"

"'The Old Folks!' That masterpiece!" ejaculated Philippin.

"Evidently, it is very good," responded George. "It is a study of characters, doubtless; replete with sarcasm, good; still, it is simply an ingenious comedy, attractive and amusing.

"Well?"

"Well! Think you I am merely a jester? I laugh in my sleeve at the ease with which I amuse this imbecile, pig-headed public. It may do for Chapelaine." (He was on bad terms with Chapelaine). "Still, where do we perceive the thesis in 'The Old Folks?' There is none; it is a mere soap bubble."

"Then," inquired Philippin, "there is a thesis in your new piece to be played at the Theatre Joufroy?"

"A thesis!" ejaculated George. "Why, my dear fellow, without a social thesis there would be no theatre, no art, nothing at all. Should the author not elevate the stage to the dignity of the forum, he is but a mawkish histrion. This is what is lacking, you comprehend, in Chapelaine, Three Stars, Fortune Lamie, who are as worthless as the generation of Des Aulnoies and his contemporaries. I will show you, Philippin, the realization of a young author."

Upon the evening of the same day, Chapelaine, Fortune Lamie, and many others were assembled in the greenroom of the Theatre Jouffroy. Rose, summoned by the stage-manager, embroidered in silence, hugging a corner of the chimney-piece. They were discussing the discourse. Still it was in karma causing poor Rose a deal of annoyance. Her indignation caused the blood to mount to her temples. She was angered against the colleagues of him she placed foremost of all. She burned to reply; but her age and humble position at the theatre forbade her, and she suffered martyrdom. Through instinct she was aware that jealousy lurked in these bitter and at times brutal railleries of the two authors. Still, the excess of bitterness in Chapelaine particularly went beyond her comprehension.

Nevertheless, it was most natural. Chapelaine, in place of being young and attractive, was ill-formed and elderly. Of a yellow complexion, meagre, afflicted by a I-know-not-what sort of pimples, which, when he was not careful to shave or bathe, bestows upon people an unpleasant aspect, this "beloved associate" had led a disorganized life. Not foreseeing that he should attain reputable ease by dint of theatrical notoriety, he had encumbered himself with a vulgar household; he had married a woman without dowry. Not that she was a wench. Far from that. Proportionately as Chapelaine was ill-favored, the little woman was good-looking, fair-featured and captivating. But she was likewise cunning. Of a family of small traders which, one degree above the cigar masses, would not listen to the scandal created by the young lady's vagaries, and had clearly broken with her from the date of her earliest pranks, she only perceived, in connecting herself with the ofty Chapelaine, a means for "reentering society." With the typical common sense of these little women, in whom an instruction not in accordance with their normal condition develops multiplied appetites, she comprehended that an individual so maltreated by nature as had been Chapelaine would be honored through the exhibition of such "conquest." And artfully did she permit herself, in the first place, to be conquered, and no less exhibited.

At that period Chapelaine dabbled in dramatic trifles, cooking, with two old stagers as collaborators, fairy pieces and dramas for women—a work yielding little more than water to drink, and not pure water at that. He spent many hours in a laborious hunt after stray crowns. The little woman gave lessons in French and upon the piano to the young daughters of unmarried ladies; and, if it must be said, she herself was upon excellent terms with a festive gentleman, who, having formed her acquaintance while she was beneath her parents' roof, did himself a veritable pleasure in administering to the wants of her individual home. Consequently, she possessed reliable resources. Hence, did she love Chapelaine, why not realize the economy of a single establishment?

"It is for your health," she said. "You compromise it through living at restaurants. You discontract stomachic troubles."

The cunning fellow was not absolutely duped by these specious reasons. He scented, moreover, the intention of him coming to his aid in *obliging* him. This vanity flattered, he was not repugnant to admitting the tender attentions of his friendship in the act. Hence he did as suggested. He was the subject of low-toned jests, for in the society frequented by both a gentleman was distrusted who, through having known her within her family circle, evinced sincere pleasure in obliging "the little woman" towards the end of the month. At a dinner at Marie's, Flourquinet, in a company of artists, perceiving someone passing to Chapelaine the leg of a chicken, stayed the hand of the carver:

"No," quoth he; "offer him the wing; you are with a nurse he prefers the white."

Although comprehending the malice of the allusion, intelligible simply to those familiar with greenroom slang, Chapelaine swallowed the dose without flinching. We grow speedily accustomed to a regular existence, when youth has been prolonged slightly too much in advance in a Bohemian life!

An hour arrived when the infantile fair one considered herself perfectly matured. She had established for him comfortable habits at his house—or rather hers, for, on account of his unsatiable creditors, the furniture, the entire household, down to the gold fishes waltzing in their crystal bowl, everything, in fact, was in the mistress' name. Moreover, better instructed and more active than he, she determined upon rendering herself indispensable through correcting her friend's style, in urging him to "settle up his affairs" and compelling him to labor with regularity. More than that, she directed his operations in such a manner as to advance him in popular estimation. Instead of permitting him to spend his evenings at the Cafe de Suede, she conducted him into the lobbies of the theatres. She caused him to demand passes for all the first nights. She created business connections for him. The public noted her actions, and recognized her as the gray mare and better horse.

In default of imposing talent, these proceedings were indispensable to success in his undertakings. A manager, not thinking of you, or fearing to compromise his dignity by searching for you at your residence, is readily to be encountered upon neutral ground and accessible to propositions. Within the depths of his heart Chapelaine could not repudiate his indebtedness to this little woman who had forced him to show his face and to definitely emerge from that semiobscurity, that penumbra, wherein groped the second-rates of his profession. Thanks to her, his name became "on the market," and "the Chapelaine" was quoted at a value among managers. Admitting his relative inferiority, obliged to adopt a hieroglyphical writing to cloak his ignorance of orthography, he acknowledged her to be imperatively necessary to him. Unfortunately for him, she labored under the same impression. One fine day she was dreamy, sorrowful, disconsolate. She assumed the attitude of a weeping willow, predominated by a deeply seated resignation. All was done to extort a query: "What ails you?"

Chapelaine failed not to put the question, as would be expected. Then, as likewise might be supposed, she answered:

"Nothing, my kind friend."

After which came a sigh. For a long while she maintained this demeanor. Then, pushing matters to an extremity, she made avowal of some conscientious scruples, whence was generated the profound necessity for transformation into a wife. A dream of truly loving people! But Chapelaine dodged the proposition. Nor tears, nor prayers, nor scenes moved him; he remained stolid.

"You reproach me with my past?" she inquired of him.

"Never," he replied; "but an author should never marry. Matrimony is an extinguisher on genius."

He said this as he would say anything else, in total ignorance of the subject, but still convinced of the infallibility of an assertion he had encountered in a thousand books. There was no necessity for further discussion, inasmuch as she, aware of the strength of her position while he leaned his support upon nothing, did not deign to reply. Simply, one morning, she informed him of her intention to separate. Chapelaine became immediately furious, saying:

"Yes. All is in her name—she turns me out of doors."

Still, not so simple, the pretty damsel articulated her accusation:

"Then what do you take me for?" she rejoined with dignity. "Nothing here is mine. I leave you all, for I am going to Moscow in the capacity of governess to a Russian family. My journey and outfit are paid for, and I have no need of persons or things."

This, to him, was the cruelest of blows. Too sagacious to account for the necessity of retaining her, he foresaw that the affair would terminate in contracting a fresher obligation.

Elevated by her suggestions, he had grown ambitious. To work for the Varieties, the Bouffes and the Folies Dramatiques no longer contented him. Repelled from the Gymnase, not daring to venture upon the Comedie Francaise, he aspired to the honor of having his pieces represented at the Odeon. The Odeon was a theatre, if not first-class, at least under Governmental subsidy. A success at the Odeon authorized the solicitation of the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

But how to succeed at the Odeon without her, who was sufficiently versed in rhetoric to remodel his fantastic prose? How even to obtain a reading before the management? Especially without assistance from that "kind gentleman" who, from having known the "little one" at her family hearthside, wished her well; that identical "kind gentleman," possessing influence with the administration, and the honor of being the bosom friend of the deputy, charged during the previous year with the chairmanship of the commission authorizing appropriations for the Fine Arts. To allow her to journey to Moscow was to massacre all prospect of the Odeon and of the Cross; for Frankly, he could not, for his individual advancement, solicit favors from the "kind gentleman" aforesaid.

Nevertheless, calculating upon the assistance of time, which works wonders, he procrastinated as much as possible, in the meanwhile applying himself assiduously to the composition of a piece for the Odeon. The lady suffered him to follow the bent of his fancy, while she nursed her roguishness. One morning, during breakfast, she became suddenly indisposed. During the course of the day a similar calamity occurred. Chapelaine apprehended a case of poisoning. He spoke of summoning a physician. But she, recovering animation precipitately, absolutely forbade a consultation, assumed a smiling countenance, and declared naught to be the matter. The following days no fresh attacks appeared, and it could be imagined that all danger had passed.

Still, that was not as yet the case, and for good reasons. For all that, perceiving her restored to serenity, he failed not to remark, upon many occasions, that during his absence she had consumed liberally his letter-paper. Why such extensive correspondence? To whom could she write in this manner? Did she conceal from him in this way some project, some approaching event? What meant it? To all his questions her sole response was through evasions, engarling incident upon incident with that marvelous feminine ingenuity fit to turn the brain of a committing magistrate.

One night, agitated by a species of nervous excitement habitual to literary men, he rose to smoke a cigar in his study. The cold air chilled him, and, desirous of lighting a fire, he plunged his hand into the waste-basket and thence drew forth a handful of paper scraps.

Ofttentimes it occurs to persons similarly situated, that, moved perchance by a spasm of curiosity, irrational yet instinctive, they cast a glance over fragments of torn papers. It may be a remnant touching of business, producing such or such a result; of the scene-plot of an unfinished piece; or of Act IV of an opera, costing waste of labor.

In the midst of this rubbish Chapelaine perceived a crumpled envelope, with a superscription in his female friend's handwriting. He read it. It bore the name of the "kind gentleman," who had the little woman's weal at heart. Was it he, then, to whom she had indited epistles for so long a time?

On the morrow, all shame discarded, Chapelaine called upon this latter individual, announced his name, expatiated upon his vexations, and propounded a question, to which the gentleman made response through exposing a dozen of letters under his visitor's eyes.

Chapelaine had need for perusal of but one; the little woman was about to become a mother! And, smitten by anticipated shame, and jealous of her future child's reputation, she announced her intention to fly away, to hide herself in some sequestered nook, and to bring up her son—or daughter—in virtue and in honor, through the assumption of widow's weeds.

Whether Chapelaine indulged in a grimace while swallowing this pill chronicle does not narrate. At all events, he swallowed it, and that was her main point. Furtively, with neither fife nor labor, and still less pride, he married without saying a word to anybody. Still this did not prevent his comrades, that same evening, from giving vent to railleries and witticisms at his expense.

From that day forth the "little woman" changed attitude. Ever genteel and agreeable, a woman of strong-mindedness notwithstanding, far from stifling her lord out of existence, she desired him to cut a huge figure in the world. She polished him up and trained him, giving him instructions in advance, and brought him out where he appeared to the best advantage—limiting her reward to a trot by his side, smiling at that pleasant turn-up nose, upon which she held a leading hold. Well, affairs took a propitious course; the worthy man gained a position, and he

NEW YORK CLIPPER.
SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1876.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**POLITICAL POINTERS.**

Well, we're fairly started upon the Presidential campaign now, and it is easy to see that the contest is going to be a very close one. Each party claims the election of its candidates, but we think that the chances are in favor of Tilden and Hendricks. The latter is a good one to stump the State, and will attract audiences wherever he goes, but we fear that his health will not stand the wear and tear of a campaign. Hayes is a good speaker, but he is not a popular man, and will not draw as well as Tilden. Wheeler is a good man for the second place on the ticket, but he is not a popular man, and will not help the ticket much. Wheeler is a good lawyer

son's b. m. Amanda in three heats. Time, 2:40, 2:43, 2:46. A purse of $200 for 2:40 horses was won by J. Wood's b. g. Henry in three heats, in 2:45¾, 2:43¼, 2:45. On the same day the $300 purse for 2:20 horses was won by J. Salsapaugh's b. g. Clover in three straight heats. Time, 2:34¾, 2:36, 2:37¾. A running purse of $75, mile heats, was won by A. Hall's b. m. Nellie. A running heats, was won by Lula by Planet in 1:20. purse of $50, mile dash, was won by Lula by Planet in 1:20. On the third day, the purse of $150 for 3min. horses was won by W. McDonald's bk. m. Hattie M. A mile-and-a-half running race for a purse of $150 was won by W. Hill's c. m. Vic in 2:51¾.

WINNING STABLES AT SARATOGA.—At the first Summer race meeting at Saratoga, concluded on Aug. 3, the list of winning owners is headed by P. Lorillard with $8,700, won by Zoo Zoo and Hercules; H. P. McGrath stands second on the list with $4,275, won by Leonard and Aaron Pennington; A. Belmont is third with $3,600, won by Sultana; George Lorillard fourth, with $2,100, for which he is indebted to Tom Schiltzer; J. A. Grinstead is fifth with $1,690; and Geo. Longstaff next with $1,650.

AT FLEETWOOD PARK, New York, a trotting match to wagons, mile heats, three in five, for $100, came off on Friday, Aug. 4, between Wm. Cunningham's b. g. Wilmington and H. H. Thompson's b. m. Fashion. It was won by the former in three straight heats. Time, 3:27, 3:33, 3:39.

THE CANADIAN SPORTING TIMES STALLION STAKES, amounting to $400 and a gold medal, has closed with eleven nominations, and will be trotted on the West-end Driving Park, Toronto, Sept. 9.

# BILLIARDS.

## THE SAN FRANCISCO GAMES.

The series of games begun at Platt's Hall, San Francisco, Cal., on July 31, and which had necessarily to partake largely of an exhibitional character, inasmuch as the contestants had a common interest in the financial success of the affair, were concluded on the Saturday night following. Only telegraphic reports have been received, and these are not wholly reliable. The games were the three-ball, 600 points up; and while they were doubtless played on a 5x10 table, it is left to conjecture from the comparatively small size of the execution, that a different cushion was used from that employed in the tournament in Philadelphia and the succeeding one in this city, as in the New York tournament, where he piled up 311, and was nevertheless beaten by Garnier, Slosson in San Francisco made the highest run (230), and yet was unable to beat his antagonist Garnier again). On the other hand, with no better run than 78 (as the telegraph reports), Slosson had little or no difficulty in defeating Sexton. Again, with a better run than 120 and 200 he appears to have made no better in the series, his other leading ones being 120 and 119), seems to have had no difficulty whatever in capturing Garnier by a score of 600 to 394, the winner's average being but 15, and the loser's best run but 79. The best averages of all appear to have been 20 by Slosson and 16 by Sexton. It would seem, although the telegraph has not reported one of the games played by Garnier, that he and Sexton and Slosson won two games apiece and lost one. This calculation credits Garnier with winning the unreported game, which he certainly ought to have won. If he lost it, then Slosson and Sexton tied for first and second places, and Garnier and Daly for third and fourth. It is not known to us how the prizes were being contended for, while we do know that the four players, besides being guaranteed railroad expenses to and from the coast, were to divide one-half of the receipts among themselves. It has been announced that "the prize offered is the sum of $3,000, with prizes added for Allen, 70; 84, high average, and 100 for the player who beats Slosson's great run of 311." This may be so; but the fact that the "tournament," according to the telegraph, was concluded on Saturday night, without the ties having been played, proposed of, suggests that it is not so, and it also suggests that Platt's Hall, a vast structure, is too large for a tournament therein to be very profitable. The affair was an experiment, and is to be followed by others, if they are successful, that success will have a tendency to put an end to public billiard matches, and also to legitimate first-class tournaments, by making professional billiard-playing a staple feature of amusement programmes, instead of tests of skill. This, while restrictive of pool-selling and its accompanying evils, will tend to advance the billiard-manufacturing interest. Nevertheless, should billiards become a feature at our theatres and variety halls, it must always be presented in the form, at least, of "matches" or "tournaments," and how far such games should be of record is a question for early discussion. In San Francisco last week the record, so far as is charged, showed a run not quite half as large as that made by Slosson in this city, and the second best average in a game of 600 points. Sexton and Garnier both fell below their previous records, both as to "average" and as to "high run." The averages of two of Garnier's games, have not, however, been reported.

MOVEMENTS.—George E. Phelan has removed his warerooms from the southwest corner of University place and Fourteenth street to Thirty-sixth street and Tenth avenue, where his manufactory now is, and where the office and manufactory of Phelan & Collender were about six years ago.....Frank B. Adams the finger-player gave an exhibition at Goldman's rooms, Denver, Col., on July 27. It was well attended. The business of the room is reported as being excellent.....Adrian Izar, the other fingerist, went up to Nyack, N. Y., on the night of July 29, and gave one of his entertainments in Smithsonian Hall, under the management of W. F. Parsons, roomkeeper of that place. Ladies were among the spectators. It is on the programme for Izar to revisit Nyack next Fall.....Major J. B. Burbank, so long stationed in the forts of this harbor, has gone to fight the Sioux, and the billiard tables of the metropolis miss an active cue. The Major (then a lieutenant and stationed at New London) was one of the contestants in the first State tournament ever held—that of Aug. 16-18, 1864, in Hartford, for the championship of Connecticut—and was the only player who therein defeated Gershom B. Hubbell, winner-in-chief.....George Stone, still in Texas, finds billiards wondrously dull there.....Thomas J. Gallagher, after about a nine months' residence in this city, has returned to Cleveland, O.....Al. Gaylord ("Shorty" of pinpool notoriety) has returned to this city after an absence of something like two years, during the earlier portion of which he was the right-bower of Governor Moses of South Carolina.....L. T. Newhall and wife (or Margaret Pinlan) are in Europe.....Dan Deane of Brooklyn, having turned navigator, has been running the steamboat Americus to and from Rockaway Beach.....Alex. Samuells is running the Neptune House at the same place, while William Wainwright, another old Brooklyn roomkeeper, is at the helm of the Seaside House.....Archibald McBride, formerly of the Metropolitan Hotel, this city, and now proprietor of a room in Los Angeles, Cal., arrived here a few days ago on a visit.....John Frawley of Cleveland, O., was in Buffalo, N. Y., at last accounts.....A. P. Rudolphe contemplates visiting Saratoga, N. Y., in a professional capacity.

NOT DEAD.—The reported death of a brother of Chris. O'Connor, while serving in the Black Hills, is denied from Syracuse, N. Y.

SYRACUSE, Aug. 2, 1876.

EDITOR N. Y. CLIPPER.—SIR: I noticed in THE CLIPPER of this week an item stating that Thomas O'Connor, brother of mine, had been killed along with Gen. Custer. Allow me, through your valuable paper, to correct the statement. I received a letter from my brother dated July 9 and at that time he was in good health. Hoping you will correct the statement for the benefit of his many friends, I remain your sincere friend, JAS. O'CONNOR.

A NEW ARRIVAL.—Mons. Joseph Parat, an expert French player, has arrived in this city, and purposes remaining here for some time.

# CRICKET.

## CANADA vs. PHILADELPHIA.

The Canadian eleven—or rather a portion of them, the places of four absentees being filled by Dance of the St. George, S. Walsh Jr. of the Germantown, H. Cope of the old Haverford, and Buckley of the Young America Club—played against the team of the Merions on the latter's grounds, Ardmore, Philadelphia, Aug. 4, 5. Owing to the unfavorable condition of the ground, which were wet and soft, the play was rather slow, though quite interesting and at times exciting. The match ended in a tie. Score:

| First Inning. | CANADA. | Second Inning. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Baneo c. Ashbridge b. Bailey | 14 | b. Law | 0 |
| Phillips c. Brown b. Law | 0 | b. Law | 4 |
| A. M. Baines b. Law | 0 | c. Comfort b. Bailey | 1 |
| Sproule b. Law | 26 | c. Comfort b. Bailey | 45 |
| H. Baines c. Law b. Comfort | 5 | c. Brown b. Bailey | 1 |
| Satterthwaite. run out | 0 | c. Hoffmann b. Bailey | 0 |
| Welsh b. Comfort | 6 | run out | 4 |
| Cope b. Law | 1 | not out | 0 |
| Campbell c. Huston b. Comfort | 1 | l. b. w. b. Comfort | 0 |
| Duggan b. Comfort | 8 | b. Bailey | 1 |
| Buckley not out | 9 | b. b. Comfort | 12 |
| Byes, 5; leg byes, 4; wi's, 4 | 13 | Bye | 1 |
| Total | 120 | Total | 82 |
| | | Grand total | 202 |

| First Inning. | MERION. | Second Inning. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Hoffmann c. Satterthwaite b. a. Baines | 18 | c. Cope b. Phillips | 34 |
| Sayres c. Buckley b. Phillips | 5 | l. b. w. b. Phillips | 13 |
| Law c. and b. Baines | 4 | c. sub. b. Phillips | 1 |
| Stone c. Campbell b. Phillips | 2 | b. Phillips | 1 |
| Ashbridge b. Duggan | 24 | st. Campbell b. Phillips | 17 |
| Hall c. Sproule b. Phillips | 0 | not out | 22 |
| Bailey b. Baines | 0 | b. Baines | 8 |
| Huston b. Baines | 1 | c. Phillips b. Welsh | 13 |
| Ewing b. Baines | 0 | c. Cope b. Duggan | 7 |
| Comfort b. Baines | 1 | not out | 0 |
| Brown b. Duggan | 0 | b. Duggan b. Phillips | 2 |
| Morris, not out | 3 | c. Duggan b. Phillips | 14 |
| Wides | 4 | l. b., 1; w., 5; n. b., 1; b., 3 | 10 |
| Total | 62 | Total | 140 |
| | | Grand total | 202 |

GRACE'S BATTING ACHIEVEMENT.—*Bell's Life* says of Grace's score of 400:

As regards the great score by W. G. Grace at Grimsby, before alluded to, the hon. secretary of the Worsley Cricket Club, I. D. Good, has written the following interesting particulars:

"I have pleasure in forwarding a few particulars anent W. G. Grace's marvelous inning, and the mammoth score made thereby by the United South in the recent match at Grimsby. The wickets of the South fell as follows: 88, 133, 222, 362, 563, 577, 579, 618, 647, 675. Mr. W. G. Grace's score was made as follows: Four strokes, twenty-one fours, six threes, fifty-eight twos, and 158 singles. The bowling was up to the average (mostly amateur), the wicket perfection; but Mr. Grace's play was acknowledged by all present (including the members of the South team) to be such as they never before witnessed. He gave no chance whatever during the first and second days. On the third he gave two easy ones, viz., to short-slip and long-leg, but he had then scored 380 runs. Altogether, he was at the wickets during the three days thirteen hours and a half, and had no less than fifteen bowlers opposed to him."

THE "OAK OF THE RHINE" IN LIMBO.—The sad fate of one of the squad of "Græco-Roman" wrestlers who have been deluding the public with so-called wrestling matches for a long time past is thus told by *The Cincinnati* (O.) *Enquirer*:

Wilhelm Heygster, the "Oak of the Rhine," who wrestled Bauer at Wood's Theatre, a couple of months ago, has got into trouble and the jail in Cleveland. It appears that he made a match to wrestle another "champion" named Tourneur for a stake of $1,000. What purported to be the stakes was sealed up in an envelope. This envelope Heygster's agent, the urbane and courteous Richard Hensen, handed to the proprietor of the Strebinger House, with the request that he deposit it in his safe for secure keeping. On the strength of the deposit Heygster and Hensen run up a board-bill of $80, when Mr. Strebinger thought he would take a look at the color of Heygster's greenbacks, so he opened the envelope and found that it contained nothing but a quantity of old newspaper, cut in the size and shape of bills. To say that that landlord grew irate would not half express his condition, and, to cap the climax of his wrath, he had them arrested and lodged in the County Jail for obtaining goods under false pretenses.

LIVE STOCK AT THE CENTENNIAL.—The live-stock display at the International Exhibition will be held within the months of September, October and November, the periods devoted to each family being as follows: Horses, mules and asses, Sept. 1 to 15; dogs, Sept. 1 to 8; horned cattle, Sept. 21 to Oct. 4; sheep, swine and goats, Oct. 10 to 18; poultry, Oct. 27 to Nov. 6.

RAWSON THE BICYCLIST accomplished the feat of riding 500 miles in 50 consecutive days at the Molineux Ground, Wolverhampton, Eng., on Saturday, July 22, finishing at 7:50 P. M. He was 45 hours and 32 minutes in the saddle.

THE CALEDONIANS of Philadelphia will hold their annual sports at Schuetzen Park, Aug. 14, 15.

# BASEBALL.

## GAMES TO BE PLAYED.

### LEAGUE CLUBS.

Aug. 8, 9, Hartford vs. Athletic, at Hartford, Ct.
Aug. 8, 10, 12, Cincinnati vs. Chicago, at Cincinnati, O.
Aug. 8, 10, 12, Louisville vs. St. Louis, at Louisville, Ky.
Aug. 10, Mutual vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Aug. 11, 15, Mutual vs. Hartford, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Aug. 12, 14, Athletic vs. Hartford, at Philadelphia, Pa.

Aug. 8, Mutual vs. Wilioka, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Aug. 8, Monticello vs. Eagle, at Jersey City, N. J.
Aug. 8, Chatham vs. Olympic, at Hoboken, N. J.
Aug. 8, Alpha vs. Wilioka of Brooklyn, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Aug. 8, Quickstep vs. Prospect, at Manhattan, N. Y.
Aug. 8, Alaska vs. Keystone, at Jersey City, N. J.
Aug. 8, Enterprise vs. Athletic, at Jersey City, N. J.
Aug. 8, Enterprise vs. New York, at Jersey City, N. J.
Aug. 8, Athletic of N. Y. vs. Volunteer, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Aug. 8, Nassau vs. Athletic of E. N. Y., at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Aug. 8, Red Stockings vs. Our Boys, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Aug. 8, San Francisco vs. Defiance, at Philadelphia, Pa.
Aug. 8, Boston vs. Our Boys, at Boston, Mass.
Aug. 9, Boston vs. Live Oak, at Lynn, Mass.
Aug. 9, Wilioka vs. Chelsea, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Aug. 9, Putnam vs. Opera, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Aug. 9, Nassau vs. Alaska, Jersey City, N. J.
Aug. 9, Athletic vs. Active, at Wappinger's Falls, N. Y.
Aug. 9, Astor vs. Prospect, at Jersey City, N. J.
Aug. 9, Monticello vs. Madison, at Jersey City, N. J.
Aug. 9, Orchard vs. Quickstep, at Melrose, N. J.
Aug. 9, Alaska vs. Nassau, at Jersey City, N. J.
Aug. 10, Nassau vs. Hudson, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Aug. 10, Athletic vs. Lone Star, at Catskill, N. Y.
Aug. 10, Alaska vs. Enterprise, at Jersey City, N. J.
Aug. 10, Boston vs. Live Oak, at Boston, Mass.
Aug. 11, Boston vs. Rhode Island, at Boston, Mass.
Aug. 11, Enterprise vs. Star, at Paterson, N. J.
Aug. 11, San Francisco vs. Eureka, at Philadelphia, Pa.
Aug. 11, Stottsville vs. Athletic, at Stottsville, N. Y.
Aug. 11, Greenville vs. Summit, at Greenville, N. J.
Aug. 11, Resolute of N. Y. vs. Alpha, at Stapleton, S. I.
Aug. 11, Resolute vs. Hoboken, at Elizabeth, N. J.
Aug. 11, Alaska vs. Resolute of Elizabeth, at Jersey City.
Aug. 11, Quickstep vs. Fiyaway, at Melrose, N. J.
Aug. 11, Monticello vs. Chatham, at Jersey City, N. J.
Aug. 12, Alaska vs. Mutual, at Jersey City, N. J.
Aug. 12, Quickstep vs. Dauntless, at New York.
Aug. 12, Mutual vs. Alaska, at Jersey City, N. J.
Aug. 12, Staten Island vs. Orange, at Orange, N. J.
Aug. 12, Athletic vs. Wilioka, at Brooklyn.
Aug. 12, Wilioka vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.
Aug. 12, Two nines vs. Franklin Lit. Soc., at Brooklyn.
Aug. 12, Winona vs. Olympic, at Brooklyn.
Aug. 12, Osceola vs. Star of Elizabeth, at Elizabeth, N. J.
Aug. 14, Alaska vs. Olympic of Manhattanville, at Jersey City.
Aug. 14, Chelsea of Brooklyn vs. Cricket, at Binghamton, N. Y.
Aug. 15, Monticello vs. Enterprise, at Jersey City, N. J.
Aug. 15, Alaska vs. Chatham, at Jersey City.

## THE CHAMPIONSHIP ARENA.

The close of the first week of August leaves the situation in the pennant race but little changed. On Saturday last there were some surprises, but they did not alter the position of the contestants materially. The Chicagos and Hartfords each lost a game on that day, both being genuine surprises, especially to the Chicagos themselves, who invested a large odds on the success of the Whites and the Dark Blues in their respective games. The idea that the Mutual nine, which had just been whipped at New Haven by 9 to 2, should take the Hartfords into camp by 4 to 1 was an astonisher. The Louisvilles, too, surprised their friends very agreeably by capturing the Chicagos the same day by 4 to 2. The Boston victory over the Athletics was almost a foregone conclusion. The record up to Aug. 6, inclusive, shows the Chicagos well in the van, with 36 victories to their credit, while St. Louis is second, with 29; Hartford, third, with 27; and Boston, not far behind, with 24. The Louisvilles are distanced in the race, and the Cincinnatis are "nowhere." Recent games show that the outside professional nines are rapidly coming up with the League clubs in their general play. The Bostons have had to succumb to the Rhode Islands in one game, and the Athletics had to submit to a "Chicago going"—8 to 0—at the hands of the Live Oaks. Even the Chicagos had to struggle hard in a twelve-inning game to escape defeat in their 8 to 7 contest with the Capitoline nine at Indianapolis. Then, too, the New Havens got away with the Mutuals by 9 to 2 last week.

The coming week's play out West will see the Chicago and Cincinnati and St. Louis and Louisville clubs close their series of ten games for the season, each playing three games at Cincinnati and Louisville this week. Then the Chicago and St. Louis nines will go for each other's scalps, first in St. Louis next week, and then in Chicago the week following. In the East the Hartfords will have a chance offered them to pull up their score, for while in the next ten days they play three games with the Athletics and three with the Mutuals. Their success with the latter is not so sure as with the former, judging from Saturday's game. The Mutuals, Athletics, and Cincinnatis may be reckoned as distanced in the race already. The Bostons have a commanding lead for fourth place over the Louisvilles, and may get close to Hartford for third. The situation is yet open for bets even as to first place, but only at large odds. The record to Aug. 6 is given below:

| | Athletic | Boston | Chicago | Cincinnati | Hartford | Louisville | Mutual | St. Louis | Wilioka | Won. | Lost. | Per Ct. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Athletic | | 1 | 1 | 4 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 0 | 11 | 22 | 11 | .667 |
| Boston | 6 | | 0 | 6 | 0 | 3 | 5 | 2 | 2 | 24 | 9 | .727 |
| Chicago | 5 | 6 | | 7 | 3 | 8 | 5 | 2 | 36 | 36 | 6 | .857 |
| Cincinnati | 2 | 0 | 0 | | 0 | 3 | 1 | 0 | 3 | 9 | 27 | .250 |
| Hartford | 6 | 4 | 3 | 4 | | 1 | 5 | 2 | 27 | 27 | 15 | .643 |
| Louisville | 4 | 4 | 1 | 1 | 3 | | 1 | 3 | 19 | 19 | 29 | .396 |
| Mutual | 1 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 0 | 4 | | 1 | 19 | 19 | 29 | .396 |
| St. Louis | 6 | 3 | 2 | 7 | 3 | 4 | 4 | | 29 | 29 | 19 | .604 |
| Games lost | 30 | 19 | 8 | 37 | 11 | 25 | 24 | 14 | 169 | | | |

A summary of the above shows the clubs occupying the following relative positions in the pennant race:

| | Won. | Lost. | Drawn. | Played. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Chicago | 36 | 8 | 0 | 44 |
| St. Louis | 29 | 19 | 0 | 48 |
| Hartford | 27 | 11 | 1 | 39 |
| Boston | 24 | 19 | 0 | 43 |
| Louisville | 19 | 25 | 3 | 47 |
| Mutual | 16 | 24 | 1 | 41 |
| Athletic | 11 | 30 | 1 | 42 |
| Cincinnati | 3 | 37 | 0 | 43 |
| Total | 169 | 169 | 6 | 345 |

## CHICAGO vs. LOUISVILLE.

The Chicago Club spent the past week in Louisville, Ky., where they commenced operations on Aug. 1, by defeating the professionals of that city. The completeness of the victory is due in a measure to the fact that Snyder, catcher of the Louisvilles, was disabled, and Devlin in consequence eased up on his pitching.

| CHICAGO. | R. | 1B. | P.O. | A. | E. | LOUISVILLE. | R. | 1B. | P.O. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Barnes, 2d b | 2 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 0 | Gerhardt, 1st b | 2 | 1 | 14 | 0 | 1 |
| Peters, s. s | 1 | 2 | 0 | 3 | 0 | Devlin, p | 0 | 1 | 4 | 0 | 2 |
| McVey, 1st b | 3 | 1 | 10 | 0 | 0 | Hague, 3d b | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 1 |
| Anson, 3d b | 3 | 1 | 5 | 4 | 1 | Chapman, r. f | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| White, c | 3 | 2 | 6 | 1 | 1 | Hastings, c. f | 2 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Hines, c. f | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | Bond, p | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Spalding, p | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 1 | Somerville, 2d b | 0 | 2 | 1 | 4 | 3 |
| Bielaski, r. f | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | Snyder, c | 0 | 0 | 3 | 2 | 3 |
| Glenn, l. f | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | Ryan, l. f | 1 | 0 | 4 | 2 | 0 |
| Totals | 15 | 13 | 27 | 13 | 4 | Totals | 7 | 15 | 27 | 20 | 12 |
| Chicago | 4 | 6 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | —15 |
| Louisville | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | —7 |

First base by errors—Chicago, 9; Louisville, 3. Runs earned—Chicago, 8; Louisville, 5. Base on balls—on Devlin, 22; on Spalding, 15. Strikes called—off Devlin, 44; off Spalding, 28. Two-base hits—Hines, White, Bielaski, and Glenn. Three-base hit—Glenn. Home-runs—Gerhardt and Peters. Left on bases—Chicago, 5; Louisville, 5. Passed balls—Snyder, 3; White, 1. Wild pitch—Devlin, 1. Out on flies—Louisville, 10; Chicago, 8. Umpire, Mr. Hautz of Indianapolis. Time, 2h. 10m.

Their second game, on Aug. 3, was not finished, on account of rain, and broke up in a row. At the end of the fifth inning the score stood Louisville 1, Chicago 0. At the beginning of the sixth inning rain began to fall, and the umpire, Houtz of Indianapolis, failed to time the game. Devlin, the captain of the Louisvilles, requested him to discontinue the game several times, but was refused. The rain continued, and the Chicago eagerly endeavored to finish the inning, so as to complete the game, and struck at any ball that came their way. The Louisvilles were as anxious to prolong the game, and indulged in the easiest kind of playing and wild throwing. Then a row began, and the Chicago refused to play longer, and the umpire decided the game 9 to 0 in favor of the Chicagos. Afterward the Chicagos waived the decision and agreed to call this no game, and play two more, unless it should rain, on Aug. 7. In that event the game of the 3d will be referred to the League for final decision. They encountered each other again on the 5th, when the home club gained a most creditable victory, the play on both sides being exceptionally fine. The Louisvilles were without Snyder and Allison, both being on the sick-list.

| LOUISVILLE. | R. | 1B. | P.O. | A. | E. | CHICAGO. | R. | 1B. | P.O. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Gerhardt, 1st b | 1 | 1 | 14 | 0 | 0 | Barnes, 2d b | 0 | 0 | 3 | 2 | 0 |
| Devlin, p | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 1 | Peters, s. s | 0 | 1 | 2 | 6 | 0 |
| Baruu, 3d b | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | McVey, 1st b | 1 | 1 | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Collins, c. f | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Anson, 3d b | 0 | 0 | 1 | 4 | 2 |
| Hastings, c | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | White, c | 0 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 0 |
| Dalton, r. f | 0 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 0 | Hines, c. f | 0 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 0 |
| Somerville, 2 b | 0 | 0 | 2 | 7 | 0 | Spalding, p | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Chapman, r. f | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Bielaski, r. f | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Ryan, l. f | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Glenn, l. f | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals | 4 | 7 | 27 | 21 | 2 | Totals | 1 | 2 | 27 | 13 | 3 |
| Louisville | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | —4 |
| Chicago | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | —2 |

First base by errors—Louisville, 1; Chicago, 1. Run earned—Louisville, 3. Balls called—on Devlin, 17; on Spalding, 11. Strikes called—off Devlin, 35; off Spalding, 17. Bases on called balls—Barnes, Glenn and Hague. Struck out—Barnes, Peters, Hines, Bielaski, Anson, Glenn of the Chicago, 6; Collins of the Louisville, 1. Two-base hits—Hastings and Ryan. Left on bases—Louisville, 4; Chicago, 2. Passed ball—White, 1. Out on flies—Louisville, 13; Chicago, 2. Double plays—Anson, Barnes and McVey, 1; Somerville and Gerhardt, 1. Umpire, John S. Morris of Louisville. Time, 1h. 25m.

## ASPIN vs. RESOLUTE.

The first game between the Aspins and Resolutes of Boston, Mass., was played Saturday, August 5, and resulted in a close contest and victory for the Alpins. The game was pretty evenly played throughout, and marked by few errors and quite effective pitching. The fielding of Conant, Graves, Austin, Wood, Thompson, and Hall was very good, while Conant, Conrad, Martin, and Bentley led at the bat.

| ASPIN. | R. | 1B. | P.O. | A. | E. | RESOLUTE. | R. | 1B. | P.O. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wood, 1st b | 1 | 1 | 13 | 0 | 0 | Graves, c | 0 | 0 | 7 | 1 | 1 |
| Bently, c | 0 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 0 | Crane, p | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 |
| Foss, p | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 1 | Worthley, r. f | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0 |
| Thompson, 2d b | 0 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 0 | Conrad, s. s | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 |
| Morse, r. f | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | Parker, 2d b | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 1 |
| Read, 3d b | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Fayles, l. f | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Hall, s. s | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | Conant, 1st b | 1 | 2 | 13 | 0 | 0 |
| Carnes, l. f | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | Austin, c. f | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Martin, c. f | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | Newell, 1st b | 0 | 1 | 6 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals | 3 | 6 | 27 | 14 | 3 | Totals | 2 | 6 | 37 | 6 | 3 |
| Aspin | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | —3 |
| Resolute | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | —2 |

Strikes called—of Foss, 22; off Crane, 33. Struck out—Aspin, 4; Resolute, 2. Bases on balls—one each. Earned runs—Aspin, 2; Resolute, 2. Two-base hits—Conant, Conrad and Bently, 1 each. Three-base hit—Martin, 1. Umpire, A. L. White. Time, 1h. 50m.

## AUBURN vs. ITHACA.

These clubs met for the third time on Aug. 3, at Auburn, N. Y., the visitors being beaten.

| AUBURN. | R. | 1B. | P.O. | A. | E. | ITHACA. | R. | 1B. | P.O. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Farrow, c | 2 | 3 | 7 | 1 | 3 | McCaffrey, l. f. | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Esmond, l. f | 2 | 4 | 1 | 0 | 0 | Richmond, c | 1 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 1 |
| Stanchfield, p | 0 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 3 | Carpenter, 2b | 0 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 1 |
| Dixon, 1st b | 1 | 1 | 6 | 2 | 0 | Ley, s. s | 0 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 1 |
| Plimpton, 1st b | 0 | 2 | 10 | 1 | 1 | Piggott, 3d b | 2 | 1 | 4 | 2 | 0 |
| McCloskey, 2b | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0 | A. Carpenter, r. f | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Smith, c. f | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | Sullivan, 1st b | 0 | 1 | 11 | 0 | 0 |
| Myers, s. s | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 1 | Spooner, c. f | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| McGovern, r. f | 0 | 0 | 5 | 0 | 0 | Alcott, p | 0 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 1 |
| Totals | 7 | 14 | 37 | 11 | 9 | Totals | 5 | 8 | 37 | 12 | 5 |
| Auburn | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 0 | —7 |
| Ithaca | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | —1 |

Runs earned—Auburn, 2; Ithaca, 1. First base on errors—Auburn, 4; Ithaca, 1. Called balls—Auburn, 9; Ithaca, 8. Umpire, J. G. Smith, Ithaca.

The Auburn Club is being constantly strengthened. The latest acquisitions are Myers and Dixon of the defunct Taunton nine, McCloskey of the Alleghenerys, and Farrow and McGovern of the Olympics of Paterson, N. J. The Auburns are a strong party, and able to cope with anything outside of the league clubs. They recently defeated the San Francisco by a score of 14 to 2, the Carbondales by 4 to 3, and during the past week have twice defeated the Ithaca boys by the scores of 6 to 5 and 7 to 5. All visiting clubs will meet with a good reception in Auburn, and receive gentlemanly treatment.

## ATHLETIC vs. BOSTON.

The seventh game between the Athletics and Bostons was played on the latter's ground, Boston, Aug. 5, in the presence of about six hundred people. The Bostons again presented their full strength, while the Athletics were without Zettlein and Coons—who were unable to play—and substituted in their stead Knight as the pitcher and Bergh as short-stop, the latter being a young amateur player of Boston. Under these disadvantageous circumstances it was not expected that the short-handed and crippled Athletics could win, and, says our correspondent, the decisions of the umpire further demoralized the Philadelphia players. The Athletics outbatted their opponents throughout, earning three of their six runs, and being deprived of at least three more runs by the decisions of the umpire. The Bostons made their first nine runs on three clean hits, and the rest on errors, including three bases on called balls given by the umpire, and about seven errors by the catcher, who proved a costly failure, and was replaced for three innings by Ritterson, who was then knocked out of time by a foul ball, and his place in the nine was filled by Gedney. The Athletics' best support was rendered by Gedney, O'Rourke, George Wright and Whitney were credited with some brilliant running catches. The batting and fielding of Fisler were the redeeming features of the Athletics' play.

| BOSTON. | R. | 1B. | P.O. | A. | E. | ATHLETIC. | R. | 1B. | P.O. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| G. Wright, s. s | 0 | 3 | 1 | 0 | 2 | Hall, l. f | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Leonard, l. f | 0 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 0 | Force, s. s | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 2 |
| O'Rourke, c. f | 2 | 3 | 2 | 0 | 0 | Fisler, 2d b | 0 | 1 | 5 | 3 | 0 |
| Murnan, 1 b | 0 | 2 | 11 | 0 | 0 | Meyerle, 3 b | 0 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 2 |
| Brown, c | 0 | 1 | 8 | 1 | 0 | Sutton, 1st b | 0 | 4 | 2 | 3 | 0 |
| Morrill, 2d b | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 1 | Schaffer, l. f | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Manning, p | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 0 | Hicks, c | 0 | 2 | 4 | 3 | 4 |
| Knowdell, c. f | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | Wright, s | 0 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 0 |
| McGee, c. f | 1 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 0 | Booth, r. f | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Seward, r. f | 1 | 2 | 3 | 0 | 0 | Malbone, p | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Totals | 5 | 14 | 27 | 9 | 3 | Totals | 0 | 5 | 27 | 10 | 10 |
| New Haven | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 2 | 1 | —5 |
| Bridgeport | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | —1 |

Earned—New Haven, 1. Umpire, Edward Carey. Time, 1h. 25m.

## SAN FRANCISCO vs. CRICKET.

The full score of the game between the above nines at Binghamton, N. Y., July 27, was as under:

| SAN FRANCISCO. | R. | 1B. | P.O. | A. | E. | CRICKET. | R. | 1B. | P.O. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Taylor, l. f | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Moore, s. s | 3 | 3 | 2 | 0 | |
| Grace, p | 1 | 1 | 2 | 1 | | McKee, l. f | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 | |
| Cullen, c | 2 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 1 | Belmyn, c. f | 3 | 2 | 0 | 0 | |
| Wynn, c. f | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | | Loomis, p | 2 | 1 | 1 | 0 | |
| Curran, s. s | 1 | 0 | 2 | 5 | | Mullin, c | 1 | 0 | 2 | 7 | |
| Williams, 1st b | 0 | 2 | 11 | 0 | | Stevens, 2d b | 0 | 0 | 1 | 3 | |
| Keating, 2d b | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | Keating, 1st b | 0 | 0 | 13 | 0 | |
| Piercy, 3d b | 0 | 0 | 3 | 4 | | Donnelly, 3d b | 0 | 0 | 4 | 4 | |
| O'Brien, r. f | 1 | 3 | 1 | 2 | | Reynolds, p | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | |
| Totals | 5 | 7 | 27 | 14 | | Totals | 10 | 6 | 27 | 11 | |
| San Francisco | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | —5 |
| Campbell | 0 | 0 | 5 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | —3—10 |

Umpire, Wm. McLean.

| SAN FRANCISCO. | R. | 1B. | P.O. | A. | E. | RICHMOND. | R. | 1B. | P.O. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Taylor, l. f | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | Kelly, c | 0 | 0 | 4 | 1 | 0 |
| O'Brien, p | 2 | 1 | 1 | 0 | |

## THE MELANCHOLY PLAINS.

### An Old Story Retold.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WILLIE GILL.

Upon the plains—the melancholy plains
Where grows the cactus, and where spread
Ant-hills in countless numerosity—
Where squeaks the noble prairie-dog, where crawls
The snake whose tail's adorned with rattles;
And where the hornet under paste crawls up
And causeth lordly man to tear and howl!

There,
Upon the plains, the melancholy plains,
Traveled we four—four stalwart men, and true.
Young James, he of the cock-eye—he was there;
Dick, surnamed the "Dirty;" Ben the blower;
And the truthful writer of these travels.
Upon the plains, the melancholy plains,
What did we there, we four big, stalwart men?
Our minds were not engaged on thoughts of hunting,
No antelopes we craved for—save to eat.
Nor searched we for the rabid grizzly bear,
Nor did we pant to interview a deer,
Nor cause we there to search the lordly Injun
And tear the scalp-lock from his noble red head—
For his noble red blood we thirsted not,
And trusted much he would not thirst for ours.

Then what did we
Upon the plains, the melancholy plains?
Let's whisper in thine ear. It was for gold
That we four—four stalwart men, and true—
To wit, young James, he of the cock-eye;
Dick, surnamed the "Dirty;" Ben the blower;
And the truthful writer of these travels,
Did, weary, wend our way across the plains.
Gold—for which mankind doth toil and sweat;
Gold—for which we men do pawn our "respect,"
And—ofttimes—lovely women, sell their honor.
Gold—which maketh of gamblers Senators,
And buys James-on-ian speeches on finance.
Gold—which changes Democrats to Reps,
And also vice versa, so to speak.
Gold—which turns the lottery wheel of life,
And gives success or sorrow to their pegs.
Gold—which buys the festive "Old Tom Gin,"
Mint-julep, cocktail, gentle whisky straight.
Gold—for which men murder, scheme and rob,
Tell lies, crawl, cringe, and raise h—— generally.
To the Black Hills we were bound, we sturdy four:
To wit, young James, he of the cock-eye;
Dick, surnamed the "Dirty;" Ben the blower;
And the truthful writer of these travels.
Traveled had we far; our legs were aching;
Our brows were heavy with the weight of care;
And stomachs yearned for culinary grease;
For, sooth to say, we hungered, and our bowels
Longed for luscious doughnuts, fried and brown,
Cornpone, ham and bloated froggies' legs,
Fricasseed chicken, or beefsteaks a la mode;
Bread and butter, cheese—aye, e'en Limburger
We would masticate, and accept the smell
With pious Christian resignation.
And what had we to eat—we four stalwart men—
But one small loaf of bread, mouldy at that,
And hard as the heart of a Bonanza prince?
'Twas not enough for four, we all agreed;
And after much talk, solemn, and and weary,
We did arrive at this conclusion:
That young James, he of the festive cock-eye;
Dick, surnamed the "Dirty;" Ben the blower;
And the truthful writer of these travels,
Should start on ahead, e'en in the arms of Murphy,
And he that had the biggest, largest dream
Should in the morning eat the loaf of bread.
In the morn, quoth James, he of the cock-eye—
Behold! I dreamed a dream, and this is what I dreamed:
That all the big ships of all the nations
Full laden to the gunwales were with gold,
And all those many-laden ships, my own!"
Then rose up Dick, he surnamed the "Dirty:"
"I dreamed the sea on which those vessels sailed
Was ink, and lo! that ink, yes, every drop,
Was changed in reck'ning James of the cock-eye's wealth."
"I dreamed," quoth Ben the blower, "it did take
All the rags on earth to manufacture
One sheet of paper of size sufficient
To contain the figures of the reck'ning!"
"Pards!" then quoth I, "your dreams were monstrous ones,
And verily I think that each of you
Deserves the loaf of bread. But list my dream.
I dreamed that in the night I hungry grew,
And took the loaf of bread, and ate it up;
And when I woke I found 'twas so—'twas so!"
Then sounds of lamentation filled the air,
And where erst the grasshopper had full sway
Rose sounds of oaths and a quarter of the air was fierce;
And stood four stalwart men with broken noses,
Swelled heads, and other disagreeables—
Upon the plains, THE MELANCHOLY PLAINS.

## "FLICHTY CILL;"

OR, THE

## PRESIDENT OF THE GOLDEN GATE.

### A LEGEND OF 'FRISCO IN 'FIFTY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HENRY LLEWELLYN WILLIAMS.

"O marvel! ships unchallenged pass
The silent guns of Alcbot Point."

In the golden year 1850, in the company garrisoning the Old Fort on Black Point, San Francisco Harbor, was one Owny Gilmichael, who was called, out of his own hearing, "Flighty Gill." Like many in Uncle Sam's service, he had fought under British colors in his youth, when he had received a wound across the head. Trepanned to save his life, his intellect had ever since been subject to frequent vicissitudes, and no doubt the surgeons of the Red Cross had been wise to recommend his discharge. When his brain was unhinged, there dominated in him an intense love of glory, gigantic ambition and unextinguishable thirst for fame and perils, making him the object of his comrades' pity and admiration, for craziness ofttimes marches at touch-elbows with sublimity. But when in his senses the man was a true, good soldier, and none the worse because he had been an A. B. seaman before he had waived Britannia's rule.

Gentle, serviceable, lenient, and of remarkable regularity, unaddicted to strong drink, as are many of his countrymen, he smiled under that military discipline which is a harsh yoke to evil natures. Though quite the other-self of his officers, his brother privates never had to fear from his friendliness there, but were spared punishment and given pardon because he knew when to "slip in the good word neatly."

By the Agnes Sorels are sent to insane monarchs, an angel was posted beside the humble trooper—a young girl whose acquaintance had lessened the number and severity of the attacks of that mania which exalted him into "the Great Bony," only less dreadful than the original Bony himself. Even when he saw giants in the windmills, like the Spanish Don, thanks to her he thought less eagerly of charging them.

Marcelita owned a fruit-garden, at the back of the fort, the remains of some ground cultivated by the priests of the missions and their peons, where are now Alcatras square and the streets thereabouts. It was all her parents had left her, and she went to the town daily to sell her produce, repelling the most audacious by her purity and confidently chaste bearing, not to mention the dagger which she always carried in her hair, as an Italian her equally dangerous bodkin. Two or three times a week Marcelita looked in at the fort to say good-day to its defenders and take commissions to execute in the town. Of all the soldiers, she became interested in the Irishman, who could not be insensible to her attractions.

She was a beauty. Rich black tresses abundantly flowed round her perfectly oval face of sunny, alabaster skin. Softness and heroism fluctuated in her dark eyes like the glare of a volcano in the cypress grove. A smile was always quick to appear on those vermilion lips. She was rather under stature, but her fine waist betokened a wasp's activity. She was a medley of grace, strength of mind, sweetened fire, innocence and keenness.

She would lend herself to the soldiers' sports, but, if shocked by a heedless hand or word, her eye would flash under the ebon brows bending over each animated pupil, and she would draw herself up in that attitude of offended pride which chills the insolent and repels the daring.

The brave Owny was no braggart in love or war. His decent reserve, his poetical and loving but innocent speech, won the girl's confidence, and she often let him accompany her to her fruit-garden to hold the basket and shake the trees. When his duties were over he found great pleasure, too, in waylaying her and going to sit on the rocks overlooking the bay and channel, where they learnt each the other's language and the taste of each's heart. Born there, she could tell him of the coast legends from the Gulf to Sancelita Bay; of the Indians' alarm when the first, and for a time only, steamboat on the Pacific shore ran up the Sacramento; of the hair-seals being mistaken for mermaids; of the ancient tradition that the yawning gap of Golden Gate was once solid rock, and the whole valley a vast inland lagoon joining the placid ocean as far away as Monterey. Whilst she thus told her stories with childlike credulity, or sang sweet and lively airs of the Spaniard, intermingled with the older plaintive, monotonous chants peculiar to the aborigines and vaguely cherished by the Digger Indians, the soldier was training Wolf Tone.

Wolf Tone was a dog flung overboard from some ship, or otherwise left in the water, and washed exhausted to shore, where Owny had found him. The natives' brutality towards the horse was aped by the new animal's master, most likely to be one who fed where men starved or lavished thousands in debauchery. Owny made the dog a rare master, therefore, and the little brute's attachment was full of docility and gratefulness. In a few months he had been drilled into a number of such tricks as old soldiers are prone to inculcate in young creatures under their charge.

Such was the world of Owny Gilmichael—the fort, his comrades, the girl and his dog. Add his pipe—a short dudheen which time had spared in the bowl at least—and his knapsack, and we name all his possessions. The mines were an enormous attraction, but he had no time to sell his claim. Cuba and Savannah were often anchored off the fort to avoid wholesale desertions, and the merchantmen were abandoned almost before the anchor was let go; but Gilmichael little cared for the fantastic reports, or even the six and ten ounce nuggetary proofs that he was in El Dorado. He could see the bright faces of the Plaza, over the nighthouses, where Chilian and Chinese, negro and Netherlander, Kanaka and Yankee, Parisian and Scotch cowboy jostled one another around the gambling-boards of the Parker House or the Alhambra; but the gold-fever had no hold on him.

"Stop—stop—what's that?" he had remarked a soldier, intending to levant; "you are, indeed, Owny. With your seaman's training, which gives you the pull in rigging tents, scaffolding, shafting, and all that, and your soldier's learning to command men and keep a camp together, you would do wonderfully in the diggin's. Stop! you are unfair to your adopted country, to boot. Uncle Sam wants no guardians here—it's 'Welcome to all comers!' not 'Show your passports!' he should say. In a few years you and your like would be grand magistrates, governors and so on. But I see you haven't no ambition, Owny, and all the bright gold in the honeycombs will fall to the nigger, the greaser and the Sydney convict."

No ambition!

A very few days after that, whilst miserable at still another good soldier having deserted his post, Gilmichael was standing sentry on the sea bastion. With a stick between his shaggy paws, the dog was imitating his master. Suddenly his ideas took a whirl and seethed up in his brain. He drew himself up loftily and took one comprehensive look around him.

Incomparable sunshine through a translucent atmosphere. The bay on his left at his feet, and running south behind him, separated by but a narrow barrier from the unlimited sea. Before him, to the right, the opening to San Pablo Bay, and bays and united rivers beyond, dotted by small sail. In his teeth, forming a counterpart to the headland where he stood, the other half of the Golden Gate—Point Lobos, Angel Island, and that belt of Alcatras looming up like dropped gems in a basin of polished gold, but partly eclipsed by the hundred odd vessels in the port. Few trees on the range of low hills afar, but stupendous bluffs at the seaward passages. Over all, Table Hill rising nearly three thousand feet, with clouds of dust careering on its summit in an always restless wind, though in the sheltered bay the water reposed as smooth as glass.

The future city was a sprawling mass of temporary structures around the two or three older buildings of sun-dried bricks, with an extension of tents and roofed plots, where were sheltered those who could not meet the stifled prices for accommodation in the town proper. On high fluttered all manner of things, flags of every nation, blue and red shirts (rarely a white one!) hung up to dry while the owner basked half nude, and canvas-scrawled, with finger dipped in pitch, with letters and hieroglyphics supposed to inform cosmopolitans in the universal tongue what goods were there for sale.

"Ah!" sighed Flighty Gill, letting his musket sink within the hollow at his elbow, and extending his arms partly as if toembrace the scene, "if I were only the master here."

And why not?

"I will be the ruler, or divil fly wid me!" cried he, and set at once to work. "Stack muskets!" reared he to his dog, "and advance three steps!"

The quadruped laid down his stick and came to lick the hand of his master, whose radiant face, prend gaze, and overbearing gestures seemed already those of a commander of innumerable legions. In good truth, only a puppy to obey him; but the maniac did not reckon so closely.

It was the luckiest of moments for this rebellious usurpation.

Not fearing in the least any internal trouble, the scanty garrison, lulled into rest by the heat and lack of occupation, since some contrary winds had prevented vessels arriving for a few days, were nowhere near the solitary sentinel. Some officers were in their room, reached through a narrow passage; superiors were in town or on a visit to the officers of the Warren, lying yonder, with an exact reflection under her beautiful hull; a few men were fishing, and the sentinels, not relinquishing their weapons, had gradually "sloped" down towards them, and were just without the walls.

With a lunatic's agility the crazy soldier flew to the gate, closed it and fastened it. He did the same with the outer door leading to the officers' quarters, and, with superhuman force, rolled a gun-carriage down against it. Then he opened the powder magazine as for action, loaded and prepared those cannon which were not in fighting trim, and, lighting his pipe, sat under the flagstaff to speechify to his dog, coming to squat gravely before him.

"Now, I am the tip-top of the quality here," he began. "Is it king I am to call mesilf? King! Oh, bother your kings in a free and dimmycratic country! It's President is the complete thing entirely, and I'll preside here. D'ye moind that, Wolf Tone of glorious name? And what will be my flag? Will you hould your row, ye divils?"—this being to the officers, who had found their outlet barred. "Sure, these colors will do, only let me graft on them the little private and particular idays of me own!"

A bunch of grass growing from an ancient embrasure represented the emerald green well enough for his distempered sight, and he had a scarlet ribbon from Marcelita's neck.

"Long and Ireland!" cried he. "Hooroo! even the red, white, and blue of Amerikey needn't do a spice of blushing at thim being pinned to you!"

He stuck these additional emblems to the flagstaff, as high up as he could reach.

"Wolf!" continued he, too deeply enrapt to pay any attention to the vocal appeals of the officers, which had replaced their summons by beat of fist and heel, "you shall be my guard at night. Bark at the first plash of an oar, or the softest step of a man. If they attimpt any surprise, bad luck to them, try at them, and I'll be to the fore beside ye. I appoint you my prime and head private minister, secretary of war. Swear to be faithful to the laws and constitution of Old Fort and the President of—of the Golden Gate! Sure the title is as delightful and grand one as iver I heerd! Swear to your President, nominated *niminy dissenters*, and elected unanimously!"

The dog wagged his tail and held up the paw, but as much, apparently, to politely cover a gape as anything else. Thus at peace as to his internal administration, he thought again of defense, for he foresaw an assault was possible. Heaven only knows with what multitudinous hordes of foemen he peopled the opposite mile away, the shipping and the town. He had already got the guns *en barbette* ready, at one of which he now placed his dog, and, with a bit of Marcelita's ribbon round his hat by way of crown, he began to march up and down. That bit of scarlet silk was ample for his pride.

Though they had not heard the muffled clamor and scuffling of their imprisoned officers behind the thick, iron-bound door, the soldiers had begun to come back, and were much puzzled to find the gates closed. They were still more perplexed when Gilmichael appeared on top of the wall and solemnly challenged them.

They answered: "Oh, all right!" and were coming on, when he pointed his gun at them.

"You may be all right," said he, loftily sarcastic, "but, faith, yees won't be all right for long if yees take another step. Halt! or I'll stind a charge of grapeshot behind your musket ball!"

It was Owny undoubtedly, but he was armed to the teeth, and had trained a big gun on the pathway, and his dog showed his teeth in full hostility.

"I see what it is," said the sergeant. "Flighty Gill is in one of his didoes, and we'd better try soft-sawder. I say, Owny, don't you see the boys have caught some fish for supper, and here's the three details back from town with bags of bread? Come down and throw open the gate."

"Don't prate of bread," replied the Irishman. "Ye'd better by far put down your bread and fish and other animals and vacate the spot, or, by the oath of an officer of the President of the Golden Gate, it's little of yees will be left to leave in the matter of five minutes."

"Leave! where to?"

"To the gould mines, or Ould Nick, for all I care. As President of the Goulden Gate and all the property and real and landed estate to him belonging, I niver allow anybody to question me."

"Oh, stop your derned trash, you crazy Irelander! Don't you know that you are no more a President than the Pope? Come down, and let us in; we shall have the Captain and General back from the Warren, and then there will be the deuce and all, if we are found at the gates."

"For the last time—be off!"

"And what have you done with the lieutenants and——"

"Must I sweep you away in little pieces? Gunners, stand to your guns!"

"We'll have to take the fort of the crazy Mick. All right; come on, boys."

"Threaten a President, is it? The ignorance of these common sogers! Don't ye know, ye omadhauns, that I have purvisions for a month and more; that my garrison is staunch and true to a man—to a dog, I mane; and that I'll send the place flying in three or four thousand directions in the search of St. Patrick's Day afore I haul down me flag?"

"So he would," muttered the soldier who had caught the fish, and wished he had not left his post.

"But this is my inauguration day, whin I ax for no bloodshed—so, in a calm voice of moderation," roared he, red in the face, "*vamoosey*, as my honorable friend the lady of the fruitery fornist might observe, and keep your distance whin ye are there."

"But I am your superior officer——"

"Divil a bit! But come on widin easy range, sergeant dear, and it's my superior officer being blown towards the Superior at the rate of the velocity of sixty miles a second that the people will see."

And, being in a paroxysm of fury, he cried "Fire!" The dog seized the cord attached to the gunlock and gave it a pull. The released hammer descended smartly, and away flew the load over the men's heads and into the rocks. The men, wrapped in smoke, took to their heels over the causeway, and were seen no more thereby.

Rejoiced at his victory, Gilmichael remained on the parapet till convinced that he had cleared away the opposition, and then sallied out to bring in the fish and other comestibles.

"Captain Wolf Tone," he said to the dog with sparkling eyes, "in the histh'ry ov my Presidential career this will be described as our great day."

The dog seemed to prefer a share of the fish to the eulogy, but, after all, it's men, not dogs, think more of high-sounding words than of what is toothsome. The hero went to sleep on a cannon-carriage, with the star-spangled sky for his blanket, and the star-spangled banner idly flapping against the mast adorned with the wilted grass and the fadeless scarlet ribbon. The imprisoned officers, very much in bewilderment at the discharge of the gun, and their patience and vitals exhausted, deliberated what to do, whilst the private who had become an autocrat was enjoying in dreams the infinite variety of jewels which his imagination presented him.

The fugitives took the news of the mad freak to General Harkness in town, and, prudently comprehending that the matter might be serious, had them all placed under arrest to prevent the news spreading that the fort was in one man's hands, and went off to the Warren to confer with Colonel Buckton. The officers of the man-of-war, on which the guns of the fort very prettily bore, were also of the opinion that it was not a laughing affair. There was on board, as guest, Post-captain Macy Farkerr, commanding H. B. M. razee corvette the Irritable, looking in there for letters for the South Sea Squadron. He naturally, as guard of British interests, was called into the council.

The fort was the key of the Golden Gate, being in its narrowest part, in a naturally strong position.

There might be no more songs and flowers in yonder noisy, free-hearted, open-throated, merry, youthful city, if those bronze monsters, stuffed with lead and sulphur and saltpetre, acted any part but the legitimate one of hailing friends, repelling foes, and celebrating the great joys of the Republic. As the hotel without detectives and porters at the door, so this caravansery of the Western coast with its bulldogs, treacherous or muzzled.

What if Owny Gilmichael took it into his head to prevent the frigates coming back or the Warren playing her pranks? What if he playfully tossed some bombs into the town or among the shipping?

All decided that the citadel must be recovered as soon as possible, but were divided as to the means, active measures or stealthy ones.

"He's our best soldier," said the Colonel, "and I incline to the quietest course, yet I do not see how we can pardon him for madness. A general may lose his senses, but nobody ever heard of such a thing in a private."

"He's not guilty by malice aforethought," coincided the General, "and so has claims on our pity."

"The question is at what cost can the place be taken? The only approach hardly allows two persons abreast, and Gilmichael can serve artillery handily, so that many might be slain. Again, he may consider an attack the signal for him to put to death our brother officers, whom I assume to be only his prisoners, although it is merely my reluctance to suppose anything worse that prevents the more painful fear. And besides ——"

"Besides," took up the General, with a bow and a serious look around the table, "the heat of the conflict may send him match in hand to the magazine, and I shudder to think of the effects—the fort in ruins, the other defenses dismantled, the shipping wrecked, a great wave sent up into Suisan Bay, and the town wiped out as in last December's fire! Heaven forbid!"

All wore serious faces, for this terrible fate was at that very moment impending—the Vesuvius could be seen out of the ports, a volcano which a madman was holding in the leash.

"Allow me, gentlemen, a moment," said the British Captain. "For I also think the man quite capable of so gigantic an imitation of the youth who fired the Ephesian fane."

The Americans did not smile, for the classical allusion, put enough in the mouth of an Etonian, seemed to them out of season.

"Let me make a confession, for I a little begrudge you that so fine a fellow is no longer following the colors under which he was born. When I was on the Spanish coast we captured a French brig, and put on board a prize crew of eight and a middy, thereby made a lieutenant, to take her and prisoners to England. Unable to navigate the craft, the young officer let her be recaptured by the Dons, which released her countrymen, added a few men, and placed us in the former's places as captives. The boy was only eighteen, but his youth and inexperience were no excuse."

"You are very harsh on him," remarked General Harkness.

"I have a right to be, for I was that officer. I was in despair at having the tables so turned on me, when Owny Gilmichael whispered to me that all was not lost, he thought. He was a sailor, then, one of the best in the mainstop and at the heavy guns.

"There's wine aboard, and I know these fellows, sir; they will rejoice at their luck, and all you have to do is be ready for a move.' As an Irishman and a Catholic, they were rather lenient to him. One took pity on him and got him loosened to wait at their table. At two in the morning he flung down some weapons into the 'tween-decks, and shortly afterwards we heard an explosion and confusion. We cut one another loose, seized the arms, burst up on deck, and soon mastered the drunkards. I did my utmost to have his service recompensed when we arrived at Plymouth; but, somehow, while I was promoted, he was left A. B. seaman, and that is all he got by the daring exploit—I am wrong, he got that fine whack across the head. But not that, but the disappointment after his expectations had been raised, was the true foundation for his unshipping now and then the tiller of his mind. Poor fellow! that cruelty of some jackanapes clerk in the Admiralty was the cause of his leaving our service, and may be the cause of this town and this fleet of traders being blotted out of existence."

"Stop! I have an idea," said Colonel Buckton.

In pursuance of that idea, search was made in the town, and Marcelita brought out to the Warren by a lieutenant and guard of marines.

She walked into the cabin with a sedate and measured pace, neither surprised nor downcast by the group of uniforms. When she was told the situation out of which it was hoped her affection would draw them, she thanked the General for applying to her, but she refused.

"Betray the man who loves me, and"—here she blushed—"whom I love? *Lastima!* It would be *mucho* pity. My affection is not going to bait your trap."

They urged her again, showing to her that military law was severe, and that her lover's life was at stake. She considered, and answered that she would get the fort back again on two conditions. The council consulted, and agreed to them, always provided that the officers in the fort had not been massacred. She doubted that, being unconvinced, in fact, by Owny's sublime belief in the best of everything, that Owny was murderous. Her rewards were to be the granting of his life, and the permission to go to him quite alone, with no one to approach till she gave the signal.

The General lifted his wrinkled hand, scarred by a lance in the battle of Rosaca de las Palmas, and gave the promise.

"As sacred as yours is my pledge," said she, holding up her little brown hand. "By this time to-morrow *los Americanos* will be in the Old Fort again."

"And no President there?"

"Not a bit of it."

"Only the soldier happy to wed his Angelita!" said the Colonel gallantly.

Meanwhile the exalted Irishman was learning that there are other *bores* than those of ordnance. Poets may talk of a divinity hedging a ruler, but Owny felt that eternal vigilance was the only price of his security. And cat-naps are not well calculated to cool a fevered brain. Fortunately for him a single citizen, Wolf Tone had the proper sense not to dispute his master's opinions, and so he was not smitten for any rebellion. No king so severe as the adventurer promoted to the throne. The portalice seemed to have shrunk, it was become so narrow.

A little away, lazy rascals were throwing themselves on the trampled ground to get good seemed to them, and, more remote, numbers were halted in any fancied spot, and frying their salt pork and munching biscuit, on the road to the gold mines with picks and rocker, which he might die in the acre of ground and never see.

All he could do toward his fellow-men was immediately to fire a flock that he had no pleasure in killing, and finally to hail your Imperial Majesty."

"*Figo!*"

"Figs! D'ye till me!"

"Yes! I've another idea of happiness, since the settlers have spoilt the valley here. Ah! how I want to find some hollow in the country yonder"—she pointed inland from the bay, where the trees appeared slightly shivered, as if in dread of the fort—"with a meadow for cattle, an orchard, a vineyard, a little house roomy enough for husband and self and a friend now and then. But you are not my style—you are *hombre* of thunder and noise, while I am *mujer* of peace. Go, then, to your honest voice, which her bright eyes belied. "Stick to your purgatory of sulphur and battle—I will strive to dwell in paradise."

"Holy Mother! but you are the makings of a couple of angels and a round dozen of cherubs! I know that I am but a coarse sailor turned intil a rough soger! It's pretty hard to shove aside the pleasures of the ocean, and thin of camp life! Sure, my playthings was the fisher's cobble and the sounding-lead, and after that my second childhood made the drumsticks my toys! I took a disgust to the sea, the way they treated me!" Here he ground his teeth and rolled his eyes.

"Camp life!" she hastened to cry, to divert his irritation. "If you pine for fighting, you would have it on a ranche—there's the Indios bravos, and the wild cattle and horses to break in. Fight with nature, Owny! Dig, fell trees, draw the stumps, build a house, and be welcomed in the mealy by the open arms of a little wife who will have been busy indoors all the same time."

She noticed that he was relenting.

"But it is not for me to persuade you! It is too fond men are of saying women curb their best paces and turn them from the winning-post. Everyone in his own way of thinking. The President of the Golden Gate, *amigo;* but will you please to leave my fruit alone? for all my lonely life depends on that little ground. A lonely life, and not a nice one for a young maid who has some claims to prettiness."

She watched him closely whilst she went on, sighing:

"In town gets fuller of *ladrones* every day. While the light is on, they sulk in their tents and say they have no money to buy—but when the lamps are lit then it is awful. But my best customers are at the Veranda and the Bella Union—they think nothing of giving me a pinch of dust, or even a *peso* for a flower or a plume; but the language, the snatches at my hand, and, horror! they try to take me by the waist and force me to dance to the sound of the harp and fiddle."

"They do, do they? The curse o' Crummule on their haunts of divilitry! Just you point me out the places where you wor insulted, and by the nose of Sir Don Duke I'll try the virtue of the biggest shot of our biggest gun agen their walls!"

"Oh, never mind. You mustn't hurt my customers, sir. But time's up."

"Going?"

"Can I stay here, where you are all alone? Even the officers that they told we were here are not to be seen."

"Oh they're all snug in their quarters. I shall offer them fine high posts on my staff, whin I get my administration formed," said he with a return of pomposity, as he took a turn up and down.

"You see, I must go! It was bad enough for me to be seen talking with a soldier, but with a President my character would soon be gossiped to shreds. Adios!"

He held her by the hand as a man retains his last coin between him and starvation.

"Haven't I told ye over and over again, and then repeated it, that the whole world wouldn't be too great a price to pay for you, Marcelita?"

"Certainly you said so."

"And I mean it. And think you I would stand betwixt you and this lonesome old fort? Rather than lose you and your love, I would rend the whole to smithereens!"

"Adios, I"

"That's a choice word! I'll abdicate, darlint."

"That would show you love me! O, Owny! a woman can always prove to a man that she adores him; but a man don't have many chances to insure his adorsation of the woman. After all, there's a deal too many rulers in the world, I daresay."

For a moment love and ambition struggled in the daftman's breast.

"But how the divil will I give up widout a successor? It would be humiliating to hand over the keys of office to my people."

Here he looked down at Captain Wolf Tone, puzzled.

"Though it certainly is a dog's life, this Presidential career."

"Give it back to the original owner. I'll wager a doubloon that the General would accept your what d'ye call it?"

"Capitulation is the legal term, my dear," said Owny absently, smoothing her little hand between his own.

"That's it, if you say so. So come with me and we'll go and get married at the Mission."

"Married!"

He tossed up his hat and caught it with a flourish.

"On that condition I'll resign my office. But stop! capitulation is not the word—it's——con——convention, for I have been the victor in the first action."

Marcelita little cared for a name. She got some paper and pen and ink, and they concocted between them the following portentous document:

THE FORT, SAN FRANCISCO
State and County of Golden Gate.

*To all men present and to come greeting:* Be it known hereby that it is agreed between the undersigned, Owny Gilmichael, President of the Golden Gate, on the one part, and General Joel Hamilton Harkness, representative of the United States, and commanding the U. S. Army on the Pacific coast, on the other, as follows:

ARTICLE I. The President of the Golden Gate abdicates the post and possessions vested in him by the unanimous resolution of the inhabitants of the Golden Gate in public assembly duly convened.

ART. II. The said President restores to the said representative of the U. S. A. the fort, with its artillery, small arms, and munitions of food and war.

ART. III. The commander and garrison (one) to march out with all the honors of war, colors flying, drums beating, and with one day's supplies.

ART. IV. The march-out to be saluted by a salvo of seven guns from the war-ships in port and the other defenses.

ART. V. The said President to have his rights of private property respected, namely, to his bag of effects, his pipe, and court and military dress. The garrison to retain his arms.

ART. VI. Gen. Harkness pledges himself to faithfully carry out all these clauses and to give away the bride of the said President to the said ex-President.

Executed in the fort, on the portcullis location.

Signed, OWNY GILMICHAEL,
President Golden Gate.

Witness, MARCELITA of Alcatras Estate, Secretary *pro tem.*

To be ratified by Gen. Harkness, commanding U. S. A.

Owny bit a cartridge and sanded the paper with the powder, as became so warlike a scroll, which he had read over to him again, listening with delight.

"By the pen of the Prophets," said he, "I think that's about the thing, eh, 'Lita?"

"The last bit is too personal, sir."

"Not a bit! That's the principal, I take it. Without the hopes, I mean the certainty, of having you, my angel, sorra a bit of the first and last President of the Goulden Gate but would take a big lape up to the sky in the flame of the explosion of them tubs of powdher! You are sure, now, there'll be no hitch, no chating!"

"None, with the gentlemen to deal with. They are not like the Alcades. You keep your ears open, and you'll hear your salute returned, gun for gun, by the Warren and the others."

"You're going the wrong way!"

"No! I'm running to tell those poor officers that they will be released presently. You fire your seven guns meanwhile."

"It's a tender heart, always eager to be pitiful, she has," said Gilmichael, wiping away a tear, and stalking to his guns. "Do I love her? Is a grizzly fond of the redberry? There's a tide of gladness rushing into my heart faster than into the harbor!"

There was a little delay, for he had put a ball in each piece, and had to alter the aim so that nothing should be injured by the missile. He fired. The last roar had not ceased reverberating before there was an echo from the man-of-war and the cannon in four other ports.

When the relief party came up to the gates they found them open, and Owny in full dress, and his dog, one each side of the way, grimly saluting.

When he saw his Colonel and the General he was somewhat abashed. There were nine rounds of laughter in the fort, as the soldiers spread all over it, and the released officers shook hands with their friends, and were jeered upon their subjection to the one-man usurpation.

"I beg to present to you, General," said Marcelita, radiant and self-confident, "the late President of this grand old flock that he had no pleasure now to be the humble soldier Owny Gilmichael."

"And your husband," added the Irishman, his fever gone, so that he spoke timorously.

The situation was awkward, but the interposition of the English captain, who made himself known to his former seaman, restored the general good feeling.

Wolf Tone, shaking off his captaincy, took advantage of attention being diverted to scamper out of the fort and roll on the grass in a manner scarcely dignified for a recent premier. Perhaps, though, he rated kicking his heels freely in the air more amusing than kicking them in a monarch's antechamber.

General Harkness and all his officers formed a purse for the pretty bride and bought her some jewelry, and made a gallant show at the wedding in the old Mission, presided over by the one priest left in one of the once flourishing holy houses.

Owny was allowed to retire. It was concluded that the military service was not so well chosen a field for the caprices of mania as civil life. As the garrison had been much to blame, the affair was hushed up, and the punishments were lenient. It only oozed out from some of the soldiers who were sent to a less pleasant post as a recompense for their letting their comrade rule the Golden Gate for two days as President.

## I'LL NOT FORGET THEE, DEAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I met thee first in such an hour
As love and joy perforce retain—
'Twas Sunday eve, and in the shower.
When words were said of little gain;
But fast they grew upon my mind—
The tender tone, the pleasing smile—
And still are near, though far behind;
I'll not forget thee yet awhile.

Again I saw thee in the dell,
And spent a merry time, forsooth,
And felt the deep, enchanting spell
Irradiating all thy youth.
I saw thee pray, and good,
Renouncing foolishness and guile—
The sweetest bird in Summer wood—
I'll not forget thee yet awhile.

Thee I've seen in every mood,
Of every time, from youth to age,
Thee I've seen in every guise,
Appear like some far blissful isle,
And lead me safe from sea to shore—
I'll not forget thee yet awhile!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

## STRAYED FROM THE FOLD.

### How a Venerable Deacon Sought to Replenish His Store at Three-card Monte, but Failed to Select the Right Card.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

It was the 12th of July, and Forepaugh's Great Menagerie and Circus was on exhibition in Marshall, Mich. It was a day that called for all the people in the country to see the sights and witness the lofty tumbling of Forepaugh's band of athletes. Among those that came to see the sights was a venerable-looking deacon, fresh from the rural districts, sweetly scented with the fragrance of the new-mown clover, and who had been more attentively pulling his cows and feeding the flock than he had in reading the papers, or else, perhaps, he would not have fallen a victim to a little piece of legerdemain that was played upon him on this to him memorable day.

Early in the afternoon this saintly-looking deacon was seen standing near the entrance to the sideshow, scanning the line of the times posted there, representing what might be seen on the inside, when he was accosted by two well-dressed gentlemen, saying:

"Why, how do you do, deacon? Please walk into the tent and view the greatest living curiosities of the age—all free for members of the church, you know."

Why, of course he would. How could he refuse two such accommodating gentlemen as they were? And in they walked, arm-in-arm.

"This, deacon," says one of them, "is the smallest woman on the American continent," pointing to the little woman sitting in the chair; "and this is the living skeleton, which there is no other place to set aside the pleasures of the ocean, and thin of camp life! Sure, my playthings was the fisher's cobble and the sounding-lead, and after that my second childhood made the drumsticks my toys! I took a disgust to the sea, the way they treated me!" Here he ground his teeth and rolled his eyes.

"Camp life!" she hastened to cry, to divert his irritation. "If you pine for fighting, you would have it on a ranche—there's the Indios bravos, and the wild cattle and horses to break in. Fight with nature, Owny! Dig, fell trees, draw the stumps, build a house, and be welcomed in the mealy by the open arms of a little wife who will have been busy indoors all the same time."

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# CLIPPER VARIETIES.

**Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.**

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CLIPPER.

## A GOOD REMEDY FOR SEASICKNESS.

BY FRANK ASHLEIGH.

INTERLOCUTOR.—Well, Bones, I see you have been creating quite an excitement lately.

BONES.—Oh, yaas; I'm one of the boys now.

INTER.—I saw an article in this morning's paper about you; it was concerning some great discovery you had made.

BONES.—Yaas; did you see dat in de paper?

INTER.—Why, yes, I couldn't very well miss it—it was large enough for anyone to see; and if what I read is true, from all accounts it will gain for you a large reputation.

BONES.—Oh, it's true, all of it, I tell you. Why, would you believe it, dat's one of de greatest discoveries you ebber heard ob in de whole corse ob your natural existance.

INTER.—Why, how is that?

BONES.—Why, it's a cure for a feller when he's seasick.

INTER.—But is it a sure cure?

BONES.—Sure as you're born.

INTER.—That is something wonderful. I suppose you have no objections to tell me what this great remedy is, have you? Because I am subject to seasickness myself, and I can't therefore go on a voyage in a steamer if I am going on the water, not even in a rowboat, and, consequently, I have to give up one of the luxuries of life, for I can tell you I am passionately fond of the water.

BONES.—Yaas, after you've had a glass of tansy.

INTER.—Sir!

BONES.—Ha, ha! I ketched yer dat time, eh? But nebber mind, I'll forgive yer.

INTER.—Well, what about that remedy?

BONES.—Oh, yer want to know what it is?

INTER.—Yes.

BONES.—Well, yer see, it's a little preparation dat I got when I was abroad, and when I cum home I mixed it up.

INTER.—Yes, proceed; tell me how it is made.

BONES.—Oh, you want ter know how it's made? Well, yer see in de fust place yer git a stove, see? Den yer git some paper and wood, see? Den yer git some coal, see? Den yer make a fire, see?

INTER.—Yes, sir—go on.

BONES.—Well, when yer gits yer fire all right, yer puts a kittle on der fire, fill der kittle wid water, den let it boil (der water, not de kittle). When de lum—see? and after dat yer git a bottle of orexidiner of Lemairondx, den you put in a half pound of extra virterrailum traphillora oxidoria, and after dat yer let 'em all boil down; when dey are all boiled down yer bottle 'em, let 'em stand for six years, den take a drop every two hours.

INTER (*laughing*).—Why, that must be rather a strong remedy?

BONES.—Yes; I give it to a friend of mine, once, and he was nebber trubbled wid seasickness again.

INTER.—Did your friend live afterwards?

BONES.—No, he died.

INTER.—That let's you out, and we'll now hear from Signor Sardanapalus:

## LENORA.

To My Friend G. M. Hargoudy,
By Annie E. Curtis.

In the Springtime's golden weather,
Through the long and fragrant hours,
We will roam no more together
Down the valley lined with flowers;
But the winds will whisper softly
Of a face I cannot see,
And a tender love, Lenora—
Lost, but ever dear to me.

*Chorus.*—Telling o'er "the old, old story,"
Will the robins wake their glee,
Watching through the sunset's glory
For a loved one lost to me?

Sweetly with the light descending
Comes a whisper from afar,
And a form above me bending,
Fair and radiant as a star;
But my eager hand, approaching,
Proves it all a dream to be—
Just a mocking dream, Lenora,
Lost, but ever dear to me.

*Chorus.*—Telling o'er "the old, old story," etc.

Like a tree by rude winds shaken,
Will the last bright leaf is gone;
Like a flower by storms o'ertaken,
Dying in the frosty dawn;
So the years have left me yearning
For a time that ne'er can be,
O'er the past there's no returning—
Loved Lenora lost to me.

*Chorus.*—Telling o'er "the old, old story," etc.

*Bridgeport, Ct.*, 1876.

## THE OPENING BILL

**of the Second Park Theatre, New York.**

The Park Theatre, which was originally opened Jan. 29, 1798, was destroyed by fire May 25, 1820, was rebuilt and reopened Sept. 1, 1821, and through the courtesy of "Phil" we are enabled to append a copy of the opening bill, the property of the late Thomas Barry, which had been presented to him by his friend S. S. Southworth. Charles Sprague, the author of the opening address, died in Boston, Mass., a few years ago; John Barnes died in Halifax, N. S., Aug. 28, 1841; Thomas Palmer died in Wilmington, Ind., Jan. 2, 1862; Aaron J. Phillips died in this city in 1846; Edmund Simpson died here at 31, 1848; Jacob Woodhull died in New York Aug. 31, 1832; D. Reed was found lifeless in his bed, to which he had retired the previous evening in his usual health, in Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 6, 1836; Mr. Bancker left the theatre in 1827, having married a sister of Manager Simpson; Gilbert Nexsen died in this city Oct. 17, 1853; Miss Lillien Augusta, 1826, and died in this city April 2, 1837; Mrs. Batteson, by descent Mrs. Stickney in 1826, and some years later returned to England and died there; Mrs. John Barnes died in this city Aug. 4, 1864; Robert Campbell Maywood died of paralysis at the Manhattan Infirmary, Troy, N. Y., Nov. 27, 1856; Mrs. Sarah Wheatley last appeared in public at the Bowery Theatre Sept. 29, 1831. She died some years ago.

NEW THEATRE.

The public is respectfully informed that the New Theatre will be opened for representation on Saturday evening, Sept. 1.

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 1.

Previous to the performance (the PRIZE ADDRESS upon the OPENING OF THE THEATRE.

THE OPENING ADDRESS

written by Charles Sprague, Esq., of Boston, will be SPOKEN BY MR. SIMPSON.

After which will be presented the favorite comedy of

WIVES AS THEY WERE AND MAIDS AS THEY ARE.

Sir Geo. Evelyn.....Mr. Barnes|Sir Wm. Dorillion..Mr. Kilner
Of the Philadelphia Theatre, being the first night of his engagement.

Mr. Bronzely.....Mr. Simpson|Servant.....Mr. Nexsen
Mr. Norbury...Mr. Woodhull|Lady Ar....Mrs. Johnson
Oliver.....Mr. Reed|Lady Mary Raffle.....
Nabesn.....Mr. Bancker|
Bailiff.....Mr. Anderson|Miss Dorillion...Mrs. Battersby
To which will be added the grand melodrama, in three acts, of

THERESE, OR THE ORPHAN OF GENEVA.

Carwin.....Mr. Maywood|Delpare.....Mr. Reed
Fontville.....Mr. Simpson|Mariette.....Mrs. Barnes
Count De Morville.....|Countess of Morville.....
Mr. Woodhull|Mrs. Battersby
Picard.....Mr. Kilner|Nannette.....Miss Brundage
Lavignac.....Mr. Barnes|Bridget.....Mrs. Wheatley
(being the first night of her engagement).

Performances to commence at half-past 7 o'clock precisely.

On Monday Mrs. Barnes will speak the address written by Mr. Woodworth of this city. In the character of Tragic Muse, with other entertainments, as will be expressed in the bills of the day.

Box, $1; pit, 75c.; gallery, 50c. The box-office will be open on Saturday, Sept. 1, at 10 o'clock. Season tickets to be obtained at the box-office. Performance every evening till further notice.

## "NEVER DESERT A FRIEND."

DEDICATED TO DAN LENTIFY, FAVORITE MOTTO VOCALIST.

BY TONY WILLIAMS.

A man who's dishonest and selfish and mean
Is a man who would never suit me;
For though I'm not wealthy, and always have been
To my friends open-handed and free,
I don't think you're poorer for helping a friend
With a dollar or two when he's in need,
But you're certainly worse if you worship your purse,
And give way to a miserly greed.

*Chorus.*—Never get into a stingy way;
I don't say it's wise to lend—
It's right to put by for a rainy day,
But not to desert a friend.

Some men go on scratching and pinching to save,
Till it makes them decrepit and old,
And although they may stand on the brink of the grave,
They'll be planning and scheming for gold.
It's a sorrowful sight to see people who might
Live in comfort and peace to the end,
By their pitiful ways only shorten their days
To make money for others to spend.

*Chorus.*—Never get into, etc.

Now, although I advise, and I think it is wise
To be generous, honest and just,
Don't imagine that I would not have you put by,
And provide your old age with a crust;
For prudence will tell you are laid on the shelf,
And you may depend, from beginning to end,
That the best friend of all is yourself.

*Chorus.*—Never get into, etc.

## THE 100TH NIGHT

**of the Original Production of "Our American Cousin."**

Now that this popular comedy has been revived at Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre, it may prove of interest to our readers to know something about its original production in this city, and we select the bill of its 100th performance. It was first produced at Laura Keene's Theatre on Monday evening, Oct. 18, 1858, and was performed consecutively until March 20, 1869. During the week commencing March 21 it was performed four nights; during the week commencing 28th, two nights; week commencing April 4, two nights; week commencing 11th, five nights, and was withdrawn after Friday, April 15, having been performed 149 times. The theatre was closed on Saturday to rehearse "A Midsummer-night's Dream." Matinees were not given in those days, except on holidays. When the comedy reached its 100th performance it had been performed 96 nights and 4 matinees. The character of Dundreary was not then so prominent as it is now, and as originally written it was only about fifteen lines in length. Tom Taylor wrote the piece originally for Josh Silsbee, at that time a popular "Yankee" comedian. Mr. Silsbee died in December, 1855, without having produced the comedy, in which he was to have acted Asa Trenchard, and Miss Laura Keene purchased the piece of his widow. Mr. Sothern conceived the idea of making Dundreary a fop similar to Lord Fipley in "Love and Money," and Miss Keene gave him permission to elaborate his character at rehearsal ad libitum. This was done, and additions were made to the dialogue at subsequent performances. From this mere sketch or outline of a character Mr. Sothern has created what must be regarded as the most successful portraiture of a fop ever seen upon the dramatic stage. As he elaborated his own character it became necessary to curtail others, and the comedy as now acted is but a mere skeleton of the original. We reprint entire, the programme, contributed by W. S. Cooper of Brooklyn, and by comparing the synopsis of scenery with that used in its present production some idea may be formed of what has been cut out. Laura Keene's Theatre is now known as the Olympic. Joseph Jefferson is at present in England; Edwin Varrey last season was a member of Maggie Mitchell's company; E. A. Sothern is fulfilling a star engagement at the Fifth-avenue Theatre, this city; Milnes Levick was at Booth's Theatre a portion of the past season; J. G. Burnett died in Chicago, Ill., March 19, 1870; C. W. Couldock last season was traveling with Henry E. Abbey's company; Charles Peters, who was the great representative of the character of Binney, died in this city Nov. 2, 1870; H. McDonald died in Washington, D. C., June 18, 1870; Miss Laura Keene died in Montclair, N. J., Nov. 4, 1873; Miss Mary Wells was last season at Booth's Theatre; Miss Laura Honey, who supplied for a time the place of Miss Effie Germon, the original representative of Augusta, is living in retirement; Mrs. Sothern is also in refinement in London, Eng.; Miss Sara Stevens (Mrs. John C. Heenan) acts occasionally; Miss Flynn (Mrs. H. McDonald) died in this city Oct. 16, 1873; Mrs. Levick, we believe, is living in retirement; Mr. Clinton was John Dillon, a rising comedian from the West, who was originally cast for Asa Trenchard, and after rehearsing it for some time lost confidence in his own abilities, and, not daring to make his metropolitan debut in so prominent a role, resigned, and was cast for the small part of De Boots. Mr. Dillon is now starring in the West.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.

624 Broadway. 624 Broadway.
MISS LAURA KEENE.....Sole Lessee and Directress
SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 5, 1859.
100th night of
OUR AMERICAN COUSIN.

To-night, for the one hundredth consecutive time, and every evening until further notice, with a cast comprising within its limits nearly the entire strength of the comedy company. Mr. Tom Taylor's new three-act comedy,

OUR AMERICAN COUSIN.

Asa Trenchard, a live Yankee.....Joseph Jefferson
Sir Edwin Trenchard, a Hampshire Baronet, Edwin Varrey
Lord Dundreary.....E. A. Sothern
Lieut. Vernon, R. N.....Milnes Levick
Captain De Boots.....
Coyle, Attorney-at-law.....Mr. Clinton
Abel Murcott, his Clerk.....J. G. Burnett
Binney, a butler.....C. W. Couldock
Baddicombe, Lord Dundreary's Man.....Charles Peters
Rasper, a Groom.....H. McDouall
John Whicker, an Under-gardener.....Mr. Wharton
Florence Trenchard.....S. Brown
Mrs. Mountchessington.....Miss Laura Keene
Augusta, { her two daughters } Miss Mary Wells
Georgina, } Miss Laura Honey
Mary Meredith.....Mrs. E. A. Sothern
Sharpe, Miss Trenchard's Maid.....Miss Sara Stevens
Skillet, Mrs. Mountchessington's Maid.....Mrs. Flynn

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY AND INCIDENTS.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.—Morning. Room at Trenchard Manor.....Almy
SCENE II.—Room in Trenchard Manor.....Thorne
SCENE III.—A Dressing-room.....Almy

ACT SECOND.

SCENE I.—The Oriel Gallery.....Thorne
SCENE II.—A Model Dairy.....Thorne

ACT THIRD.

The Model Dairy. The Oriel Gallery.
SCENE III.—The Wine Cellar.....Almy
Sir Edward's Apartment.
SCENE V.—Coyle's Office.....Almy
Apartments of Sir Edward.
SCENE VII.—The Trenchard Library.....

AUNT CHARLOTTE'S MAID.

Horatio Thomas Sparkins.....E. A. Sothern
Major Volley.....J. G. Burnett
Sir Edward.....Milnes Levick
Mrs. Peddifort.....Charles Peters
Fanny Volley.....Miss Mary Wells
Matilda Jones.....Mrs. Marsden

In rehearsal, and will be immediately produced, a new farce by Madison Morton, Esq., entitled

THE LITTLE TREASURE,

now acting in London with great success.

During the course of the evening's entertainment

EVERY LADY IN THE THEATRE

will be presented with a copy of Mr. Thomas Baker's celebrated musical composition "Our American Cousin Polka," beautifully ornamented with an illuminated title-page illustrative of the prominent situations of the comedy.

The performance will conclude with an apropos and

SPLENDID PYROTECHNICAL DISPLAY

prepared expressly for this occasion by the celebrated pyrotechnics, Messrs. J. G. and J. Edge of Jersey City.

Dress-circle seats can be secured one week in advance without extra charge, 50 cents each. Balcony seats can be secured one week in advance without extra charge.

Treasurer.....
Stage-manager...J. G. Burnett | Prompter.....Mr. C. Young

Doors open at a quarter before seven o'clock; to commence at half-past 7 precisely.

## THEY'RE ALL "DEAD GONE" ON ME.

BY ROBERT MCKAY.

AIR—"*Dandy Colored Swell.*"

I am a dashing girl, you bet;
I'm known most everywhere;
The ladies strive to imitate
My style and nobby air;
But all in vain, for everyone
Their awkwardness can see—
They can't hoodwink the boys, oh, no,
They're all "dead gone" on me.

*Chorus.*—They're all "dead gone" on me, oh, yes;
They're all "dead gone" on me;
It's evident from what I see
They're all "dead gone" on me.

I wonder what attracts their eye—
Is it my dashing style?
Perhaps it is my winning way
Or captivating smile.
Whate'er it is, the boys declare
My like they ne'er did see—
Then can you blame me if I say
They're all "dead gone" on me?

*Chorus.*—They're all "dead gone" on me, etc.

In future days perhaps I'll meet
One of these fellows fair,
I don't know why, but wedded life
To me contains no joys;
I'd rather be just as I am,
Unfettered, gay and free,
And know, with no exceptions, that
They're all "dead gone" on me.

*Chorus.*—They're all "dead gone" on me, etc.

## "DONNY'S GONE ON THE HURROO!"

KEEP'T INSCRIBED TO MY FRIEND E. H. HARDING, Esq.

[COPYRIGHT APPLIED FOR.]

BY J. G. WOOD.

Me name 'tis Malone, I'm from County Tyrone,
'Tis thirty years since I crossed over the sea,
There's meself, me ould woman—I've a snug little home,
And a babby in arms, only twinty—
But thin I've me trouble as every man will,
I am mortification for all I can do—
It's enough me son Donny, "the pride o' his nonny,"
And all because "*Donny's Gone on the Hurroo!*"

*Spoken.*—Faith, me heart's nearly broke in me wid the doins that bye of mine, and there's hardly a noight passes but me ould woman mates me at the dure wringin' her hands and crvin' out—

*Chorus.*—"O Paudeen, me jewel, och! Paudeen, it's cruel—
Me darlint, faith tell me, oh! phat shall I do?
I'm aggravoked divil, me heart's in a stew intirely,
Because me son "*Donny's Gone on the Hurroo!*"

To Donny I've talked 'till me tongue it is soore,
He's worse now than ever, for all I can see;
The "gang" that he goos wid drink pisiky galoore—
Then the v get the money 'tis mystarious to me!
I'd goo to the Mayor and ax him about it,
I'd goo to "Afree-Kay," if ony good 'twould do:
I'd hall sairvy meself for to stop thim gyrations,
But I'm afeard I'd injure me son Donny from off "the Hurroo!"

*Spoken.*—Yes, I'd do anything in the wurreld to kape Donny straight, and the ould woman quiet; for it's mobbity discouraging to have her continually at me wid:

*Chorus.*—"O! Paudeen, me jewel, och! Paudeen, it's cruel," etc.

I'd be well continted, me moind at its aise,
If Donny, me bye, phouldn't go wid that crew;
I don't know phat alls him, 'tmust be some disaise,
Thim corrus-curtations they call *the Hurroo!*
But for the ould woman I'd ship him to Chiney,
And phen he is there that he'd likes he can do;
He can practice his nonsinse among thim Mogolyuns,
And lalish thim the phay for to do the Hurroo!

*Spoken.*—Last noight the spalpeen didn't come home at all, at all; so this av'ning I tuk him to task. "Donny," says I, "phere were ye so *late* last noight that ye got home so *airly* this marnin'?" "Oh!" says he as cool as a cowcumber, "I was only out on a bit of a burstin' wid a hurroo!" says I, "and phat's that, Donny?" "Phy," says he, "it manes having a good time. I was out along wid the T. A. B.'s." "The T. A. B.'s," says I? "Paul, I'm moighty glad to hear you say that, Donny; for sure there's no harrum there but T. A. B.'s are; so it's not as bad as I thought after all." "Oh, look here, ould man," says Donny, "yere not fly; T. A. B. manes *take a ball!*" "That's a nice phase of addressing your father, young man," says I, "tellin' him a *ball* club ye were wid? I've hard they're a base lot—bown's Myers, I; McKinnon, 1; Allen, 1. Total base-hits—Star, 21; Ilion, 8. Struck out—Star, 1; Buckeye, 2. Two-base hits—Star, 1; Buckeye, 2. Wild pitches—Nolan, 2. Double-play—Star, 2; Ilion, 1. Left on bases—Star, 11; Buckeye, 5. Umpire, Jud. Petrie of Ilion. Time, 2h. 10m.

A PITCHER AND CATCHER are wanted by S. W. James. See card.

# BASEBALL.

## THE JULY RECORD.

**The League Contests.**

The following are the games played in the League-pennant series during July:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| July 1, | Chicago vs. Athletic, at Chicago | 19 to 10 |
| July 1, | Boston vs. Louisville, at Louisville | 10 2 |
| July 4, | Hartford vs. Chicago, at Chicago | 3 0 |
| July 4, | Boston vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis (12 innings) | 4 3 |
| July 4, | Athletic vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati (10 innings) | 6 3 |
| July 4, | Louisville vs. Mutual, at Louisville | 4 1 |
| July 6, | Hartford vs. Chicago, at Chicago | 6 4 |
| July 6, | Boston vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis | 5 4 |
| July 6, | Cincinnati vs. Athletic, at Cincinnati | 5 2 |
| July 6, | Louisville vs. Mutual, at Louisville | 5 1 |
| July 8, | Louisville vs. Mutual, at Louisville (15 innings) | 7 6 |
| July 8, | Chicago vs. Hartford, at Chicago | 5 3 |
| July 8, | St. Louis vs. Boston, at St. Louis | 9 5 |
| July 8, | Cincinnati vs. Athletic, at Cincinnati | 9 5 |
| July 10, | Mutual vs. Louisville, at Louisville (16 innings) | 7 6 |
| July 11, | St. Louis vs. Hartford, at St. Louis | 8 5 |
| July 11, | Chicago vs. Boston, at Chicago | 2 0 |
| July 11, | Mutual vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati | 8 7 |
| July 11, | Louisville vs. Athletic, at Cincinnati | 8 2 |
| July 13, | Louisville vs. Athletic, at Louisville | 6 2 |
| July 13, | Chicago vs. Boston, at Chicago | 11 3 |
| July 13, | St. Louis vs. Hartford, at Chicago | 11 3 |
| July 13, | Mutual vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati | 3 0 |
| July 13, | Mutual vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati | 8 3 |
| July 15, | Chicago vs. Hartford, at Chicago | 8 3 |
| July 15, | St. Louis vs. Hartford, at St. Louis | 15 0 |
| July 15, | Athletic vs. Louisville, at Louisville | 3 2 |
| July 18, | Chicago vs. Louisville, at Louisville | 8 5 |
| July 18, | St. Louis vs. Cincinnati, at Chicago | 9 5 |
| July 18, | Boston vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia | 9 5 |
| July 20, | Boston vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia | 10 7 |
| July 20, | Chicago vs. Louisville, at Louisville | 7 1 |
| July 20, | St. Louis vs. Cincinnati, at St. Louis | 18 0 |
| July 20, | Hartford vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia (10 innings) | 9 1 |
| July 22, | Mutual vs. Hartford, at Brooklyn | 6 4 |
| July 22, | Boston vs. Louisville, at Chicago | 7 3 |
| July 22, | St. Louis vs. Chicago, at St. Louis | 30 7 |
| July 25, | Louisville vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis | 5 1 |
| July 25, | Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Chicago | 25 3 |
| July 25, | Boston vs. Mutual, at Boston | 5 3 |
| July 27, | Boston vs. Mutual, at Boston | 11 1 |
| July 27, | Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Chicago | 18 6 |
| July 27, | Louisville vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis | 7 4 |
| July 29, | St. Louis vs. Louisville, at St. Louis | 7 0 |
| July 29, | Boston vs. Mutual, at Boston | 17 8 |
| July 29, | Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Chicago | 9 2 |

Totals of 46 games.....431 146

Average of winning nines, 9 and 17 over.
Average of losing nines, 3 and 8 over.

It will be seen that the Chicago and Boston nines lead in the double-figure scores, and St. Louis and Louisville in single-figure games.

## THE MODEL GAMES OF JULY.

Outside the League Club arena the model games for July are as follow:

July 14, St. Louis Reds vs. Capital City, at Indianapolis.....
July 15, Meta vs. Resolute, at Boston, 12 innings.. 1 to 0
July 21, Buckeye vs. New Haven, at Columbus.....
July 26, Live Oak vs. Rhode Island, at Providence..
July 28, St. Louis Reds vs. Memphis Blues, at Memphis.....
July 3, Charter Oak vs. Rhode Island, at Providence. 2
July 10, Alpha vs. Blue Stockings, at Elkhart..... 2
July 16, Flyaway vs. Liberty, at St. Louis..... 3
July 11, Hartford vs. Capital City, at Indianapolis.. 2
July 19, St. Louis vs. New Haven, at St. Louis..... 2
July 5, Active vs. St. Louis Reds, at Reading..... 3
July 10, Greenport vs. Winona, at Greenport..... 3
July 10, Buckeye vs. Capital City, at Indianapolis.. 4
July 7, New Haven vs. Cincinnati, and Cincinnati.. 3
July 10, Lowell vs. Fall River, at Lynn..... 3
July 22, New Haven vs. Allegheny, at Allegheny..... 3
July 26, Mutual vs. Fall River, at Fall River..... 3
July 3, Elkhart vs. Blue Stockings, at Elkhart..... 3
July 4, New Haven vs. Buckeye, at Columbus..... 4
July 6, White Stockings vs. Excelsior, at Galesburg.. 4
July 3, Mutual vs. Capital City, at Indianapolis.... 4
July 5, Defiance vs. Excelsior, at Philadelphia..... 4
July 21, Rhode Island vs. Live Oak, at Providence.. 4
July 13, Ilion vs. Cricket, at Syracuse..... 4
July 27, Androscoggin vs. Eggleston, at Lewiston.. 4
July 13, Cassville vs. Taunton, at Lynn..... 4
July 12, Chelsea vs. Orange, at Orange..... 4
July 24, Auburn vs. Carbondale, at Auburn..... 4
July 28, Rhode Island vs. Boston, at Providence.. 4
July 25, Meta vs. Resolute, at Boston..... 4
July 26, Ithaca vs. San Francisco, at Ithaca..... 4
July 31, St. Louis Reds vs. Buckeye, at Columbus.. 4
July 5, Fall River vs. Charter Oak, at Fall River.. 4
July 27, Alaska vs. Orange, at Orange..... 5
July 4, Keansburg vs. Everett, at Boston..... 5
July 4, Lexington vs. Arlington, at Lexington..... 5
July 4, Arlington vs. Chelsea, at Brooklyn..... 5
July 10, Cricket vs. Alaska, at Binghamton..... 5
July 13, Baltimore vs. Keansburg, at Baltimore.... 5
July 25, Eagle vs. Hoffman, at Bath..... 5
July 27, Monitor vs. Star, at Waterbury..... 5
July 20, Capital City vs. New Haven, at Indianapolis..... 5
July 1, Lowell vs. Live Oak, at Lynn..... 5
July 26, Rochester vs. Alaska, at Rochester..... 5
July 1, St. Louis Reds vs. Juniata, at Hollidaysburg 5
July 13, Hartford vs. Neshannock, at Newcastle.... 5
July 3, Olympic vs. Star of Covington, at Paterson 5
July 31, Carbondale vs. Orange, at Orange..... 5

## NEW HAVEN vs. BRIDGEPORT.

A fortunate escape was made by the New Haven Club in the Bridgeport nine at the Elm City Aug. 2. The home team, who were without the services of their pitcher, Nichols, made only two safe hits up to the seventh inning, at which time their opponents had three runs placed to their credit, but in that and the ninth inning they hit heavily and secured five of which were earned; and as in the meantime 6 Bridgeports made nothing, the New Havens won by three runs.

| NEW HAVEN. | R. | Is. | PO. | A. | E. | BRIDGEPORT. | R. | Is. | PO. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Fleet, 2d b | 1 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 0 | Smith, c. c. f | 1 | 1 | 4 | 2 | 2 |
| Waitt, 1st b | 2 | 2 | 6 | 0 | 0 | O'Rourke, c. f | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Pabor, l. f | 2 | 2 | 3 | 0 | 0 | Murphy, r. f | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Cassidy, p | 1 | 1 | 2 | 8 | 0 | Darrigan, s. s | 0 | 1 | 3 | 4 | 3 |
| Spence, 3d b | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Snigg, p | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| Knowdell, r. f | 0 | 2 | 3 | 0 | 0 | Sullivan, 2d b | 0 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 |
| McGee, c. f | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | Hackett, 3d b | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1 |
| Seward, c | 0 | 0 | 10 | 1 | 3 | Rowan, 1st b | 0 | 0 | 9 | 0 | 0 |
| | | | | | | Briggs, l. f | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 |
| Totals | 6 | 12 | 27 | 12 | 6 | Totals | 3 | 5 | 27 | 17 | 7 |

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| New Haven | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 4 | —6 | |
| Bridgeport | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | —3 | |

Runs earned—New Haven, 5; Bridgeport, 1. First base on balls—New Haven, 4; Bridgeport, 1. Total bases on hits—New Haven, 13; Bridgeport, 6. Umpire, Mr. Rartford, 3d. Time, 1h. 40m.

## STAR vs. BUCKEYE.

On Aug. 3 some three thousand people witnessed the defeat for the second time of the famous Buckeyes of Columbus, O., by the Stars of Syracuse, N. Y., on the latter's grounds. They were fairly outplayed; Dorgan, catcher, making some brilliant plays, and McCormick placing his record above that of Nolan.

| STAR. | R. | Is. | PO. | A. | E. | BUCKEYE. | R. | Is. | PO. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dorgan, c. | 1 | 2 | 7 | 1 | 0 | Burke, s. s | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Farrell, 2d b | 0 | 1 | 2 | 4 | 0 | Martin, c | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Geer, s. s | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | Weaver, c | 0 | 0 | 12 | 0 | 0 |
| McKinnon, 1st b | 0 | 1 | 11 | 0 | 0 | Simmons, r. f | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Madden, 3d b | 0 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 2 | Strief, 2d b | 0 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 0 |
| Adams, l. f | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | Orr, 1st b | 0 | 0 | 7 | 0 | 0 |
| Allen, c. f | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | Doscher, 3d b | 0 | 0 | 0 | 7 | 4 |
| Croscup, r. f | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | Nolan, p | 0 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 6 |
| McCormick, p | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | Mansell, l. f | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals | 3 | 6 | 27 | 10 | 2 | Totals | 0 | 1 | 27 | 16 | 10 |

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Star | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | —3 | |
| Buckeye | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | —0 | |

Earned runs—Star, 1. First base on errors—Star, 1; Buckeye, 2. Wild pitches—Nolan, 2. Double-play—Star, 1. Struck out—Star, 1; Buckeye, 2. Two-base hits—Buckeye, 2. Left on bases—Star, 3; Buckeye, 5. Passed balls—Croup, 1; Weaver, 2. Umpire, Mr. Conten of Mt. Vernon. Time, 1h. 40m.

## LOWELL vs. FALL RIVER.

Good batting by the Lowell Club won a championship game with the Fall Rivers, on the former's grounds, Aug. 2:

| LOWELL. | R. | Is. | PO. | A. | E. | FALL RIVER. | R. | Is. | PO. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Cogswell, 1st b | 3 | 3 | 8 | 1 | 0 | Crane, 3d b | 1 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 0 |
| Woodhead, s. s | 3 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 3 | Canary, l. f | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Sellman, r. f | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | Eagan, p | 2 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 1 |
| Foley, p | 0 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 2 | Muirie, s. s | 0 | 2 | 1 | 3 | 0 |
| Sullivan, 3d b | 1 | 3 | 4 | 0 | 0 | Conners, r. f | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Macullar, l. f | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | Oxley, c | 0 | 2 | 5 | 0 | 3 |
| Blogg, c | 1 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 1 | McGonigle, c | 0 | 2 | 5 | 0 | 3 |
| Brown, c. f | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 0 | Libby, 1st b | 1 | 0 | 15 | 0 | 0 |
| Fitz, 2d b | 2 | 3 | 2 | 4 | 1 | Whitney, 3d b | 0 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 1 |
| Totals | 10 | 18 | 27 | 15 | 9 | Totals | 5 | 7 | 27 | 18 | 8 |

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lowell | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 1 | —10 |
| Fall River | 1 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | —10 |

Total bases on hits—Lowell, 33; Fall River, 10. Earned runs—Lowell, 5. Three-base hits—Cogswell, 1; Woodhead, 2; Sullivan, 1; Brown, 1; Fitz, 1. Two-base hits—Foley, 1; Fitz, 1; Crane, 1; Muirie, 1. Umpire, J. J. Oakford. Time, 2h. 32m.

## STAR vs. BUCKEYE.

A game played at the Herkimer (N. Y.) tournament, Aug. 1, resulted in the downfall of the Buckeyes of Columbus, O., their conquerors being the Syracuse Stars:

| STAR. | R. | Is. | PO. | A. | E. | BUCKEYE. | R. | Is. | PO. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dorgan, c | 2 | 2 | 10 | 1 | 0 | Burke, s. s | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Farrell, 2d b | 0 | 1 | 4 | 3 | 0 | Dodge, c. f | 0 | 1 | 4 | 0 | 0 |
| Geer, s. s | 1 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 | Foran, 1st b | 0 | 0 | 6 | 0 | 0 |
| McKinnon, 1b | 0 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 0 | Martin, r. f | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Madden, 3d b | 0 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 1 | Strief, 2d b | 0 | 0 | 3 | 4 | 1 |
| Adams, l. f | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | Barnie, c | 0 | 0 | 3 | 4 | 1 |
| Allen, c | 1 | 3 | 5 | 0 | 1 | French, 2d b | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Croscup, r. f | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | McLean, r. f | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| McCormick, p | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 | Nutt, c. f | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals | 4 | 10 | 27 | 10 | 2 | Totals | 1 | 4 | 27 | 12 | 3 |

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Star | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | —4 | |
| Buckeye | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | —1 | |

Earned runs—Star, 1. First base on errors—Star, 5; Buckeye, 2. Wild pitches—Nolan, 2. Double-play—Star, 1. Struck out—Star, 1; Buckeye, 2. Two-base hits—Buckeye, 2. Left on bases—Star, 3; Buckeye, 5. Passed balls—Croup, 1; Weaver, 2. Umpire, Jud. Petrie of Ilion. Time, 2h. 10m.

## MANSFIELD vs. RED STOCKING.

The Mansfield (O.) Club defeated the Red Stockings of Mt. Vernon in a fine game of ten innings, at Mansfield, July 29.

| MANSFIELD. | R. | Is. | PO. | A. | E. | MT. VERNON. | R. | Is. | PO. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wolford, 2d b | 2 | 3 | 4 | 1 | 1 | Cochran, s. s | 0 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 4 |
| Purtell, s. s | 1 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 0 | Weaver, c | 0 | 0 | 12 | 2 | 0 |
| Burns, l. f | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | Ardner, p | 2 | 2 | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Colegan, 1st b | 1 | 2 | 9 | 0 | 0 | Winner, l. f | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Cox, p | 1 | 3 | 2 | 1 | 2 | Hamilton, 3d b | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 |
| Kesser, r. f | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Watkins, r. f | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Roop, c | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Boyington, c. f | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Higgins, c. f | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | | | | | | |
| Thomas, 3d | 0 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 2 | | | | | | |
| Totals | 7 | 10 | 30 | 13 | 8 | Totals |

# THEATRICAL RECORD.

**Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.**

### THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

ALL STRANGE MEYNONS, plainly addressed, must be in advance for cash and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed, should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canada, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P.M., MONDAY, Aug. 7.

LADIES' LIST.

Allen, Mrs. J. B.
Archer, Amanda
Bain, Rose Sc.
Boshell, Louise
Barry, Mrs. Virginia
Burt, Ida
Bland Edith
Bland, Mrs.
Christie, Frankie
Coventry, Julie
Carrew, Adelina
Carfano, Rose
Cambrese, "Lotia" (2)
Clinton, Annie
Carle, Lizzie
Carlton, Lizzie
Connolly, Marie
Cravens, Rosetta
Celeste, Rose
Chandler, Ada
Church, Nellie
Dimple, Belle
De Granville, Mlle.
Davis, Laura
Dana, Mrs. Maria L.
Dunbar, Adalie
De Bonnaire, Jeannette
Dickson, Louise
Durand, Kittie
De Vere, Lotta
Eytinge, Rose (2)
Elwell, Daisy
Everett, Ella
Ellis, Mrs. Henry
Freeman, Ada
Florence, Rose
Fisher, Kate
Fiske, Mrs. M. W.
Forrest, Katie
Fontainbleau, Blanche
Fox, Annie J.
Goddis, Addie
Gilmore, Alice (late of Chicago)
Gregory, Mary A.
Gray, Minnie (song-and-dance)
Houghton, Helen
Herrmann, Addie
Herring, Fannie
Hasson, Minnie
Howard, "Low"
Irma, Mlle.
Imogene, Miss
Januschek, Mad.
Kaiser, Mrs.
Kelsey, Lila
Kaufman, Pauline
Kenney, Alice
Kurtzwell, Johanna
Kirkall, Mrs. F. H.
Shadelle, Mrs. T. H.
Sheldon, Ida
Turnour, Mrs. H. Sc.
Turner, Jennie (danseuse)
Taylor, Marion
Theadore, May
Van Dyke, Imogene
Warner, Flora
Wilson, Mollie
Western, Lucille
Walby, Josie
Wood, Fannie
Woods, Carrie (2)
Young, Nellie
Zoe, Mlle.
Zittella, Mlle. (2)

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Alexander, Jno. (banjoist)
Archer, Chas. (pianist) 3c.
Armstrong, A. (song-and-dance)
Arlington, Jos. V.
Ashley, Jno. W.
Bernard, Gust. A.
Budworth, Henry
Bagley, George
Barnum, P. T. (2) 3c.
Baker, Thos. (musician)
Brooks, George
Barlow, Mill. G. 3c.
Bulson, C. (of Majilton's Co.)
Baldwin, C. S. (circus "bis")
Bates, W. (of Howe's Cir.)
Brown, J. (of Kendall's Co.) 6c.
Baur, S.
Benoit, Octavus
Barnhoit, Jno.
Brisner, "Lew"
Burnett, Alf.
Beverly, C. S. (2)
Bruffey, J. F.
Blodgett, Wash.
Blanchard, W. E.
Boyd, W. Andrew
Baington, E. B.
Bindley, Wm. 18c.
Brault, Louis
Benedict, Chas.
Bernardo, Thos.
Burnham, Chas.
Babicosett, Chas. B.
Baker, E. (side-show "bis")
Burk, J. M. (with "Buffalo Bill")
Basye, E. E.
Bouccicault, Dion
Braham, J.
Blanchard, Harry
Beard, Jno. (musician)
Barnes, David M.
Braham, Harry
Craven, Jno. T.
Childers, J. H.
Conklin, E. B.
Coleman, D. W.
Callender, Chas. (2)
Crim, M. K.
Coleman, C. H. (musician)
Clapham, Harry
Collins, Monta
Collins, "Lew" & Frank
Couton, Benj. (minst. "bis")
Clark, L. (of Clark Bros.)
Carr, Frank H.
Clark, Geo. M.
Cole, W. W.
Crawl, T. R.
Cameron, J. (circus-manager) 5c.
Chace, W. M. (of Chace & Davis)
Carter, C. (of Japanese Co.)
Corey, Prof. A. E.
Cottrell, Frank G. 6c.
Cardwell, L. D.
Carter, Barry
Clifford, Harry
Carey, George
Collier, Chas. W.
Colman, A.
Campbell, Bartley
Cooper, Bailey & Co.
Couldock, C. W.
Carter, J. Henage
Cevere, J.
De Leon, Leon
Duding, "Hank"
Dempster, Monroe
Dumont, Frank
Devere, Chas. N. (2)
Davies, Harvey, L.
Dawson, Harry J.
Duprez, Chas. H. (3)
Danneman, F.
Davis, Jr., J. H. (musician)
Denier, John
Dare, Stuart
Dorner, Mons. & Mad.
Dobson, Frank B. (2)
De Montague, Sig. E.
Dilly "Bobbie"
Devonear, P. (with Callender)
Davis, L. (of Chace & Davis)
Durand, W. W.
Delanie, Chas. (minst. "bis")
De Mora, G. W.
Donaldson, C. A.
Durand, A. P.
De Wolf, Wm.
De Castro, — (magician)
De Noit, — (of Rothschild's Cir.)
Devere, Wm. (comp. vocalist)
Davis, H. L.
Douglass, James
Emidy, James
Leahy, Nimtes
Eckert, Prof. Jno.
Everett, Ed. (agent)
Ardyce, R. (musician)
Engle, John
Farrell & Leventine
Edwards, G. G.
Elliott, Emile
Edwards, Chas.
Dunn, "bliz")
Emmet, Jos. ("dreiking")
Ellsworth, Bert. E.
Fleming, H. Broderick
Forester, — (of Nurse & Co.)
Ferguson, R. V.
Ferguson, Jas. (of Maginley's Cir.)
Fillman, Chas.
French, E. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Fleury, Fernando
Franklin, H. (gymnast)
French, Saml. (musician)
Florentine, Mons.
Fitzgerald, Steve A.
Forbes, Chas. (manager)
Foster, Chas.
Freeman, C. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Fraser, Jean
Frohman, Gust.
Greenwall, H.
Gilbert, Jas. M. 6c.
"Gus"
Gardner, W. H. (side-show "bis")
Griffin, M. (late of Terra Haute)
Gurr, Harry
Grismer, J. R.
Giesey, Harry
Gerhardt
Grisie, Chas B.
Gardner, Chas.
Fedanio, Mr.
Gorouz, Emile (2)
Gulick, Jos. A.
Gilmore, W. J.
Gardner, Arthur
Harris, W. (of M. Mitchell's Co.)
Harrison, K. (of U. Tom's Cab. "Co.)
Howard, G. W.
Hopkins, Jas. H.
Hill, J. F. (gymnast)
Hawley & Victoria
Hodgson, James
Harpstrite, John
Huber & Glidden
Harrigan & Hart
Howard, Bronson
Herbert, Geo. W.
Healy, Jno. E.
Hopkins, Jay (of Heywood Bros.)
Hickey, Jno. (of Howe's Cir.) (2)
Hobson, Ed.
Hazzard, A.
Hall, J. Clinton
Henshaw, Jno. E.
Huber, Gus.
Harrigan, Ed.
Hickey, T. (of "Canary" Co.)
Herbert, Fred
Hedges, H. C. (of Hengler, T. M.
Hager, Chas. H.
Hodges, Thos.
Hartz, Gust.
Healy, J. R.
Hanchett, D.
Howard, Rollin
Howard, Kollin
Hart, Col. Geo. H. &c.
Jacobson, S. E.
Johnson, L. T.
Jordan, Chas. C.
Jones, Bert
Jess, S. C. (of Callender's Minst.)
Johnson, J. P.
Kernan, Jno. F.
Keller, F. S.
Keen, John
Kirby, Arthur C.
Kendall, Archie
Kearney & Moran
Kirk, C.
Kent, Julian
Kinney, Norman B.
Kean, Jack
Lamont, Jas. W.
Lee, J. H. (of Adams & Lee)
Lockwood, Mr. (of Thomas' Orch.)
Lyle, Wm.
Lauress, H.
Lane, John R.
Levy, J. (cornetist)
Leon, J. (of Leon Bros.)
Lonzo & Mack (2)
Ludovick, Prof.
Little Mack
Levine, Dolph & Henry (2)
Lillienthal, L. (of Lent's Cir.)
Laiscelle, Lyman
Leopold, Geo.
Leon, Saml.
Lavache, Fred
Livingston, Johnston
Leavitt, M. B (2)
Lyons, Jeremiah
Lawlor, W. F.
Mackley, F. J.
McNulty, Harry
Mayo, Frank
Morton, J. W. (late with Kelly & Leon)
Mortimer, Gust.
McCall, Ed.
Mowry, Nell (3)
Morse, W. F.
Martell, Lew
Murray, Dominick
Miron, N.
Maffi, John J. (2)
Miller, Wm.
Manley, Chas.
McDonald, Geo. F.
Morse, Julian
Milligan, Wm. F.
Morris, F. (with Cooper & Bailey)
Morton, J. (with Callender)
Morton, Jos. (late of Philadelphia)
McClain, F. (late with MacEvoy)
Morton, Chas. (of Enghed)
Maguire, Jno. ("Reciats")
Maryon, Theophilus (2)
Moore, Jas. (comed.)
McGill, W. ("Mirror of Ireland")
McKee, "Andy" (2)
McDonald, Geo.
Markhod, Jno.
Marvell, Scott
Mack, Frank D.
Mack, J. (of Mack & Clapp)
Norton, Sig. Francis
Nelson, Wash.
Newcombe, Wm. Wallace
Nunn, W. (of Nunn Bros.)
Newell, "Yankee" (agent) (2)
Nichols, H. (2) 10c.
Natalie, Mons.
Nutt, Commod.
Newton, Chas. E.
Noyes, Frank
Nixon, N.
Nolan, T. J.
Nolan, Milton
Nugent, J. E.
O'Reardon, M.
Ogden, W. B.
Olney, George
Ogden, R. Dorsey
Orton, Harry
Oakes, Hardy H.
Ogden, J. E. 6c.
Phillips, J. S.
Powers, Jno. H.
Philbin, F. H.
Peelle, Steph. G.
Pixley, Jno. H. "Paris" (6)
Palmer, Daniel
Pedanio, Mr.
Phillips, S. E.
Pope, W. H.
Primrose, Geo.
Phoite, John W.
Powers, W. (of Delmanning & Powers)
Peters, Gust. (Dutch "bis")
Percy & Stevenson
Phoite, Chas. E.
Price, B. F.
Poole Brothers
Palmer, "Doc"
Pope, W.
Ryan, Saml. E.
Romer, Jno. S.
Rooke, Wm. (late of Barkers & Reels)
Risly, Jas. (comic-vocalist)
Reynolds, Wm. (song-and-dance)
Robinson, Ed. (bones)
Reuss, F. (of Richings-Bernard Co.)
Robinson, L. (brother of W. S. Rohn)
Richmond, H. (leading "biz")
Riche, G. (of Cambridge, Eng.) (2)
Robinson, Jas. (circus prop.)
Robinson, H. (of Robin. Minst.) (2)
Robinson, Prof. Jas. S.
Rivers, Frank (of Rothschild's Cir.)
Rubini, P.
Reynolds, Bros.
Raymond, Wm.
Reed, Thos. K.
Rooney, P. (2)
Rowe, Jno. (musician)
Roe, Harry W.
Russell, Sol. S. (2)
Raymond, Jno. T.
Spaulding, W. P.
Slate, Harry
Steele, Geo. K.
Showles, J. (of Castello's Cir.)
Stubbs, Stokes (2)
Snow, E. E. (agent)
Sanford, Mr. (late Court, Sanf.) 14c.
Sothern, E. H.
Sweetzner, Ed.
Steele, Geo. W.
Sullivan, J. L.
Seymour, Harry (costumer)
Smith, C. (of Howe's Cir.)
Sutton, Harold D.
Stuttz, J. G.
Slocum, E. M.
Saunders, F. (late Thorn & Saund.)
Sydney, Geo. S.
Tyler, G. H.
Thompson, A. (side-show "biz")
Thorne, H. (pantomimist)
Tebault, R. M.
Thompson, "Den"
Theodore, Chas.
Turner Bros.
Victorelli, H. (2)
Vernett, Lester
Varray, Edwin
Vicenelli, John
Viard, Adolf
Vincent, Chas. (late of Philadelphia, O.)
Washburn, E. S. (7)
Wilcox, L. S.
Wheeler & Gibbons
Wagner, "Cal"
Warfield, Thos.
Wing, Chas. A.
Wood, C. P.
Woolcott, "Lem"
Wells, Chas. B.
Whitman, Chas.
Wood, George (compositor)
Warner, "Ned"
Wood, C. Geo. (agent)
Weaver, Ed. (Dutch "biz")
Wood & West
Wolhalla, Max.
West, Wm. H.
Wilton, Geo.
Wheeler, Wm.
Willis, Oscar 18c.
Wiggins, S. F.
Wilson, Jno.
Watson, "Burt"
White, Chas. O.
Wade, Thos. (song-and-dance)
Ward, Jas. M. (clown)
Winnett, Thos. & Lottie
Young, Chas. W.

### INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Aug. 7, 1876.

As Proctor Knott said the other day, "one by one the roses fade," and the gentleman was correct; for the flowers are beginning to fade, and the leaves seem inclined to take an early leave, and fall before the Fall is here. But with the untimely decay of the roses, and the unseasonable coming-down of the foliage, we see indications of the going-up of business, and the revival and resurrection of that which has been so long in a comatose condition. The advertising columns of THE CLIPPER give evidence that our professional friends are once more astir, getting their houses in order and trimming their lamps, so as to be in readiness when the Summer solstice shall have ended and the campaign of 1876-7 shall commence. Managers are giving notice to their companies to be on hand; while carpenters, painters, decorators, etc., are putting the finishing touches to the embellishment of our theatres. Summer resorts are beginning to disgorge, and in another week or two the bulk of rusticators and seasiders will be homeward bound, invigorated by their brief respite from the toil and cares of business, and ready to put on the harness, and again assume the grave responsibilities of their respective positions. The intentions of managers are being made known through the medium of THE CLIPPER, which is always looked upon as the guide and adviser of all whom it may concern. .....And while thus modestly alluding to the showman's friend, we must not omit to state that one day last week we set out to "do the Centennial," as our visiting friends would say; but before entering the main building, after getting inside the grounds, our attention was directed to Photographic Hall, nearly opposite the centre of the big building, and there, in the southeast gallery of the hall, our eyes were made glad by the sight of a well-executed photograph of THE CLIPPER BUILDING. We procured a chair, and there sat before that "life-like counterfeit presentment," drinking in its beauties and wondering why everybody was not alike enraptured. Sight-seers came, and sight-seers went; but there we sat—to us that picture was the Centennial Exposition; everything was swallowed up in that. What cared we for the Venuses and Eves and Cleopatras, and other nude and obscene paintings and statues which filled street after crowded Memorial Hall? The chimes chimed and the organs organed, and the steam whistles shrieked like it was an accidental collision; but they had no attraction for us. The things had all passed away, and the shades of evening were gathering around us; but, with our gaze riveted on that beautiful work of art, we saw nothing, cared for nothing else. The janitor gently intimated to us that it was time to go, that it was shutting-up time. We asked him if he had anything at home he loved better than life itself. He said wife and children he had none, but a good hot dinner was awaiting his coming. What poetry could there be in the soul of such a man? We entreated him to permit us to remain where we were. We tried to bribe him to pull down the blind, light the gas, and leave us to the joyful beating of our own tumultuous heart. But he was obdurate—he had a very high regard for the press and those who wield the mighty pen, but he had a duty to perform, and personal feelings and friendship must be sacrificed in the cause of right and duty. (Having substance, probably, to his waiting dinner.—OUR JIM.) With sorrow we arose from that seat, where we would fain have remained one year did the terms but allow it, and sadly we left the presence of that glorious picture, which is the be-all and the end-all of the whole exhibition. People have since told us about the many remarkable things to be seen in the various buildings which make up this so-called gigantic aggregation of dead and living wonders, but not any for us. Let us say to the innocent reader, go to Photographic Hall, and view the picture of THE CLIPPER BUILDING. "Isn't there no other building there?" Jimmy, we take no stock in other buildings—what would the world be without our building? Go to; thou are an arrant knave, and a midnight fiend. And thus have we "done the Centennial."..... "Two Men of Sandy Bar," Stuart Robson's new play, hit 'em hard out West, and ere long we shall be enabled to see and make the acquaintance of these "Two Men" at our own bar of public opinion, which will be no bar to the success of the Sandy Bar-men in this direction. Bear with us, indulgent friends and constant readers, while we improvise a few choice lines of well-modulated poetry:

AT THE BAR.

Robson's new play was a hit from the start;
How it set the crowd wild, "keep up his Harie."
It treats us to humor, to pathos, and morals,
So Raymond and Twain must look to their laurels.
.....We have a word of advice to give to those who frequent the with the horse-race, and though this advice might be given under better auspices, nevertheless there is no time like the present. Therefore it is that we urgently call your attention to the fact that, before a horse can be useful in a theatre, he must first be broken to "quiescence"..... Many a child with three legs could have been permitted to live, what a grand legacy it would have been to a sideshow! We have sorrowed and pined over the decease of that freak of nature more than we have over the fate of the late Sir John Franklin, who was lost in the sepulchral solitudes of the Arctic regions. The world of showmen have indeed sustained an irreparable loss in the early demise of this dear child!.....Among the popular songs heard in drinking saloons is "Bourbon Around and Around." This is reliable.....A man who writes for the papers once gave utterance to what he called a resistic truth, viz., that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," etc., but he should have qualified it in some way, for one of our most popular musical conductors recently tried it on in Philadelphia, but it had no more effect on the savage heart of that city than the tom-tom would have upon a hippopotamus or the horned frog, which latter has now become an important article of commerce. Pity for the Quaker City! Poor Theodore Thomas, homeward he comes, bringing his trumpets and cymbals and drums, but little or wordly goods; what could he expect? He should have thought, "Forrest mansion he rashly sought, he got right into the woods.....Oh, no, it is not true that Henry Beecher and Francis Moulton are having new plays written for them by Theodore Tilton and J. J. McCloskey in collaboration, and with which those stars intend to travel during the ensuing season. Another lie nailed to the counter. Next!.....And talking about circuses, we may be permitted to remark that this is not the season of *Lent!* But Lent will come again, at the proper time, strengthened by adversity and so forth.....

"Mother," said a friend of "Our Jim's," "the difference between "the barbarian" and "my pocket-money is, that one's *lagomar* and the other's *outre, ma!*" No wonder the parent's life was jeopardized by this terrible *son stroke!*.....In Memorial Hall is a large painting representing Rispah, with a stuffed club, defending her sons from the threatened attack of a famished eagle. So it appears that there were stuffed clubs and hungry eagles in the olden times as well as in the present.....We want to call your attention to a few seasonable rhymes applicable to the coming times:

TO A BAD ACTOR.

In vain you strut upon the boards—
The people hiss and parents scoff;
Though you are *poor*, you'd best retire—
You really would be *better*, "by far."

.....A hotel proprietor in a two-horse town in Pennsylvania sends us a long communication concerning a circus company who stopped at his hotel, and not only ate everything he had in the house, but refused to pay their bills because he declined to give each person a pint of pie. He is very severe on the boys, and meanly lies in declaring that they killed his chickens and milked his cows, and when he remonstrated with them he was advised to "hang it up." He kindly asks our advice and assistance. Now we have no desire to be mixed up in this quarrel, and decline to take sides one way or another; but this we do say: that any man who keeps horses and runs a hotel will always have an extra supply of provisions on hand when the circus is coming to town; and a man who would refuse to give a third piece of pie to his guests is a vain delusion and a snare, and should be wiped out. And yet we take no part in the quarrel. It is a subject that does not concern us in any manner, and it is a matter of almost daily occurrence, causing much ill-feeling between the would-be champion pie-biters and the man who keeps the place, we beg to suggest that Congress appoint an investigating committee, with power to send for persons and pies, with Knott and Frye to examine them. We have said!.....And this wise counsel brings up that other hungry bird, the owl, which reminds, you no doubt, of the good advice given by one of the revival preachers, because *it's kind of Moody!*.....Not at all, Jimmy—*Cal* Wagner is not an abbreviation of *Callous* Wagner. This you may rely upon.....We know a man—but after reflection we remember that it is *another* party that knows this man we have reference to, so you must excuse us for not repeating what we heard about him.....We ought to have mentioned before that Stuart Robson's new play is not, strictly speaking, a temperance drama, although it may surprise many that Bret Harte treats of only "Two Men at a Sandy Bar." Room for the forthcoming!.....We have learned with pleasure that a son and daughter of Thespis recently eloped from San Francisco, and were united in the holy bonds ere the cruel parents could overtake the recreant ones. "Our Jim" calls it a *Pacific slope*, because everybody else says imitations of Bret Harte's.....Those of our professional friends who have recently "gathered by the river" and the seaside will soon assemble in the greenroom for general distribution. With this aspect of the case before us, we calmly survey the situation, and, with malice toward none, we tranquilly give life to the appended exquisite ideas concerning

THE NEW COMPANY.

"Miss Buttons, Mr. Goggles—
Make friends, for you're sure to suit."
"Why, I played with Miss B. ten years ago,
When we both were young." "The brute!"
"Come, thank the stage for rehearsal."
"Why, you don't mean to say *you're* here?
Now, when did you leave Milwaukee?
And how has fortune used you that you're on her?"
"Our leading man, Miss Scollop,"
"He's dreadfully small and slim—
Have I got to play for a season
Those parts to *him?*"
"Do you mean that that awful duffer
Is our juvenile man? Oh, law!
Why, boy, he's without conception
The worst that I ever saw."
"He's no stage-manager, Tommy;
I told you so long before—
Just see how he's placed the people;
He's a prompter, and nothing more."
"I knew they'd bounce that leader,
And serve him secretly!"
"He was always too full of liquor
To take up a cue at night."
"The juvenile woman's pretty."
"Old boy, you're on the shelf;
I want you to keep your distance—
I've a weakness that way myself."

### CITY SUMMARY.

FRANK GEORGE, Mlle. La Fevre, Mons. Laiscelle and Phil Heath were the additions to the company at Tony Pastor's New Theatre July 31. Frank George is an Irish character-vocalist of the rough school, who has evidently taken Pete Cannon as a model, and has performed one of the latter's acts in close imitation of him. By his other performances he convinced us that he possesses individual merit, and that he does not rely entirely upon his imitative powers. He interlards his songs with comical dialogue, and his success with his auditors was pronounced, he being many times recalled. Mlle. Le Fevre exhibited her skill, nerve and daring by some graceful performances upon the flying rings, and later in the evening, aided by Mons. Laiscelle, gave some thrilling performances on the flying trapeze, terminating with a daring "leap for life," all of which aroused the enthusiasm of the spectators. Phil Heath exhibited his skill in ventriloquism, and produced the effect of a variety of voices, each distinctly marked with character, proceeding from various places. He is a clever performer and deserves the approbation showered upon him. Songs by Eloise Allen; a Punch-and-Judy entertainment by Eugene Blitz; Dutch songs-and-dances by Murphy and Shannon; Charles Diamond's specialties; John Gilbert in an act called "Tins to Mend;" Tierney and Cronin in a fresh act called "The Skidmores' Fancy Ball;" and the sketches of "Who Stole the Pocketbook?" "The Two Pompeys," and "Karl, or a Dutchman's Visit to New York," filled out the bill. The attendance was quite liberal.

THE SEASON DID NOT CLOSE at the Bowery Theatre on July 29, as we were led to believe by the absence of the usual advertisements in the city journals of Sunday and Monday last. The performances given the previous week were continued the past, and the pantomime season closed Aug. 5.

JOHN BURKE sailed for England July 29, without notifying the manager of the theatre where she had been performing of her intended departure.

THE INTENTION of building a public hall upon the site of the old Fifth-avenue Theatre, in Twenty-fourth street, has evidently been abandoned. As we passed there a few days ago we noticed that a building was being erected, but the beams in position for the various floors lead us to believe that when finished it will be simply an addition to the Fifth-avenue Hotel.

RICHARD S. SMITH, the well-known scenic artist, is engaged for the coming season at an up-town theatre.

MISS HELEN D'ESTE arrived in town from Chicago, Ill., Aug. 3.

THE GILBERT AIKEN COMBINATION, as organized for their Fall and Winter tour, is to commence an engagement at Wood's Museum August 26, acting in "The Mollie Maguires," during which a variety olio will be given by Nellie Larkelle, vocalist; T. M. Hengler, Ethiopian monologue performer; Maggie Gray, scrio-comic; Frank Budworth, Ethiopian comedian; Jerry Cohan, Irish vocalist and dancer; Alice M. Kemp, vocalist; and James D. Roome, banjoist.

TONY PASTOR'S NEW THEATRE is to be opened for the regular season, under the personal management of its proprietor, on or about Sept. 25. Artists desiring engagements are referred to the advertisement.

GEORGE W. JOHNS, who says that he has been an usher at Wood's Museum during the past three years, is anxious that his friends and acquaintances in the profession should know that he was married at "The Little Church Around the Corner," on July 30, to Miss Addie Fitch; therefore these lines.

THE LAST WEEK of the Summer season at Tony Pastor's New Theatre is announced as the present week. The Rooney and Miss Emily Prior will be added to the company.

JEWEL GEORDIE, Clark Gibbs, Andy Collom and Huber and Glidden are the new people announced for this week at the Parisian Varieties.

MONS. CHOUFLEURI AT HOME" is to be produced at Kelly & Leon's Opera-house next Saturday night.

SEÑORITA LUCIA ZARATE, the diminutive specimen of humanity, 20 inches high and weighing only five pounds, will continue on exhibition at Tony Pastor's New Theatre during the daytime this week.

A. BLANDOWSKI, the well-known ballet-master, has been hard at work for some time past training and rehearsing the ballet corps which is to appear in "Baba," at Niblo's Garden. The season is announced to open Aug. 28.

MISS ANNIE LOUISE CARY called for Europe in the steamship Italy on Aug. 5.

C. W. BARRY began an engagement at Wood's Museum on July 31, when "Echoes, a Tale of the Past," was acted for the first time on any stage, and was continued during the week, including the Wednesday and Saturday matinees. It was cast as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Long Tom Coffin..... C. W. Barry | Sergeant Drill..G. C. Charles |
| Paul Jones.....Nilnes Levick | Goliah.....Harry Stewart |
| Captain Beauchelet..... J. W. Lovell | Beatry.....J. Golden |
| M. W. Lestingwell | A Stowaway.....C. Wilson |
| Barnstable.....H. Cotton | An Irish Peasant.....J. Reddy |
| Col. Howard.....Wm. H. Ward | Kate Plowden..... |
| Capt. Munson.....P. Ulm | Miss Louise Sylvester |
| Griffiths.....L. E. Willard | Cecelia Howard. |
| Young Merry. Miss F. Stever | Miss Nettie Fielding |
| Kit Dillon.....Jas. Clifton | Alice Dunscombe |
| Capt. Manuel.....J. Markham | Miss Bertie Maywood |
| | Chloe.....Miss Aida Laurence |

The piece is a dramatization of Cooper's novel of "The Pilot," by C. W. Barry, who is to be complimented upon the conscientiousness with which he has performed his labor. Mr. Barry's experience as an actor and stage-manager for considerably over a score of years enables him to judge what will please the public taste, and so to arrange his materials that they shall be presented in the most compact and effective form. The language is good and the verbiage is in no case excessive; the plot is skillfully arranged, and the incidents so grouped that an effective tableau is presented at the close of each act. Although many of the speeches are so patriotic that they cause a thrill to run through the audience, there is no hurrah-ism about them, nor are they in any manner forced, being simply the natural utterance of sentiments that might be expected under the circumstances. Although both English and American soldiers are employed in carrying out the plot, they are skillfully handled and quite seldom seen, and then in a strictly natural manner. Only small detachments are used. The tableau at the end of the first act represents a conflict, resulting from the attempted escape of Paul Jones, Griffiths and another from cells in the Abbey, where they had been confined by the Royalists. At the end of the second act a full-rigged American schooner, under full sail, is seen to come upon the stage, make the entire circuit thereof, and disappear, and this is made very effective by the scene previously used, representing an apartment in the Abbey, being made to apparently dissolve into air, disclosing the full depth of the stage appearing like the ocean. The tableau at the end of the third act shows the death of the villain and traitor Kit Dillon, while the last represents a thrilling scene: Just as a small detachment of American troops have been surprised by a superior force in the Abbey, Paul Jones, at the head of other American soldiers and sailors, bearing the American flag, announces that the Independence of the American Republic has been proclaimed. As it is to be presumed that our readers are familiar with the novel, the story of the plot of the drama need not be repeated. In order that several of the characters might be properly represented, Miss Clifton, Messrs. J. W. Lestingwell, Harry Colton, and Miss Louise Sylvester were expressly engaged therefor. Mr. Lovick presented a fine portraiture of the naval hero, Paul Jones, and in the first act, where he describes in a modest but earnest manner his victorious fight with the Serapis, he received round upon round of applause. The impersonation throughout was quiet, impressive and effective. C. W. Barry was admirably made-up as Long Tom Coffin, and looked the old salt to the life. There was a tinge of comedy in the role which he took full advantage of, and he had many effective situations. In the end of the third act he fought a good old-fashioned broadsword combat with Kit Dillon, which was received with cheers and shouts of delight by the gamins in the gallery. M. W. Lestingwell as the eccentric English recruiting officer, Captain Bouroughcliff, carried off the honors of the piece. The character is strongly marked, and, as it admits of considerable elaboration by the artist impersonating it, it must become the chief feature of the drama. During the earlier portions of the play the Captain is ever in a state of semi-intoxication; but, being a gentleman, nothing is done or said to offend the most fastidious. He is the lawyer in which he scents of the piece, and consequently his grasp upon the favor of the audience is never slackened. Everything that he does or says provokes either a smile or boisterous laughter. It is futile to attempt to describe the character on paper; but we consider it one of the funniest that have been presented to the public since Joe Jefferson, as Rip Van Winkle. Its success is due to the excellent eccentric acting of Mr. Lestingwell, who does not exaggerate, but ever keeps within the bounds of probability. Harry Colton as the enthusiastic and patriotic young lieutenant Barnstable, the lover of Kate Plowden, was every way satisfactory, being both effective and natural. Miss Louise Sylvester appeared to much better advantage than we have hitherto seen her as the madcap Kate Plowden, and gave a pleasing impersonation. She possesses the element in the character to give the lady's animal spirits full play, and she kept the audience in the best of humor. She appeared to advantage in the disguise of a young American officer in the first act. We think that this lady's talents are better adapted to soubrette characters than to those of the higher grade which she at present assumes. Miss Nellie Fielding acted Cecelia Howard with becoming grace and dignity. Miss Bertie Maywood delivered the lines of Alice Dunscombe intelligently, which was all that was required. Miss Aida Laurence as the colored woman Chloe, the wife of Goliah, made a pronounced hit, receiving frequent rounds of applause in a single scene for some admirable and natural by-play. The costumes used in the play were all new, and the uniforms of the soldiers presented a bright and attractive appearance. At the matinee performances the burlesque of "Blackeyed Susan," in which Sidney Smith as Capt. Crosstree says imitations of Edwin Robson, and "The Dead Shot," constituted the programme. The attendance was large.

MR. SOTHERN began an engagement at the Fifth-avenue Theatre on July 31, when what is designated as the preliminary portion of the regular season of 1876-7 was inaugurated, and the eighth season of Mr. Daly's management in this city began. Mr. Sothern reappeared, after an absence of two years from the local stage, in his well-known creation of Lord Dundreary, which has been freshened a little by the interpolation here and there of new *outre* sayings and "stupidities," which never fail to excite hilarity. During the entire time that he was before the audience successive ripples of laughter were wafted over the auditorium. Criticism of Mr. Sothern's impersonation of this character cannot present itself, as it would be absurd; but a few words of commendation may not be ill-timed. These are deserved because he bestows the same care and attention upon the character that he did years ago, ere his reputation was firmly established. The non-professional persons who form those of a non-reflective turn of mind will be simply a matter of course. Such is not the case. The monotony of repeating night after night, for many hundred times, the same set phrases, to listen to the same dialogue from others, and to find over the same surroundings, becomes exceedingly irksome, and the labor to appear fresh and interested becomes very much intensified. Owen Fawcett deserves praise for a well-conceived, natural and effective portrayal of Asa Trenchard. M. C. Daly was seen to advantage in the characters of Buddicomb and Binney respectively. W. Davidge made an excellent Abel Murcott. J. W. Jennings was happy in his delineation of the inebriated Coyle. Miss Ada Gilman was pleasing as Mary Meredith. Miss Linda Dietz, who made her reappearance in this city after an absence of three years, acted Georgina in a becomingly languid manner, and the other characters were satisfactorily rendered. The engagement being Sir Edward Trenchard; B. T. Binggold, Lieut. Vernon; Mr. Willard, Capt. De Boots; Mr. Sullivan, James; Miss Jeffreys Lewis, Florence Trenchard; Miss Alice Grey, Mrs. Mountchessington; Miss Helen Dingeon, Augusta; and Miss Florence Wood, Sharp. The costumes of the ladies were elegant, and the dairy scene in the third act a beautiful specimen of painting. The attendance was very large. No change of bill at present.

GEORGE W. WATSON, song-and-dance performer, was added to the company of Kelly & Leon's Minstrels on July 31. He has a sweet voice, which he manages to use with skill, and is very graceful. His several acrobatic feats, which he commingled with his choreographic efforts, were skillfully performed. In the first-part the changes included "Speak, Only Speak," well sung by J. H. Surridge; "Billy Nubbs the Poet," vocalised in a comical manner by Edwin Kelly; and, for the finale, "Soldiers in the Front" was given, a portion of the music being selected from "Genevieve de Brabant," J. W. McAndrews, in female attire, and Japanese Tommy, in a suit of armor, singing the "Gensd'arme Duet" so comically, that they were thrice recalled. In the olio, Leon, clad in a new costume of great beauty, appeared as Mlle. Bagatelle, an amateur who is stage-struck. He gave imitations of prima donnas in Italian and German opera, also of Mlle. Aimee in opera-bouffe, and of a variety-hall serio-comic. These were interlarded with witty dialogue, burlesquing the foibles of very young society ladies. He was liberally applauded, and several times recalled. A large increase in the attendance was noticeable the past week.

B. W. HINCKLEY'S Third-avenue Theatre will reopen for the season Aug. 26, having minstrelsy, burlesque, comedy and variety features as the attraction. Performers desiring dates can apply to James Vincent, stage-manager, who wishes to secure a number of ladies for the ballet. Those engaged for the opening and Cool Burgess are especially referred to Manager Hitchcock's card.

DURING the past week at Gilmore's Garden the same musical attractions as heretofore have been presented, with the addition of Saul Liebling as piano-soloist. Some unusually fine bills have been offered and rendered with satisfactory effect, including many numbers new to the Garden. A repetition of several of these programmes is promised for the present week, which, with the long list of soloists and the admirable instrumental effects given by Gilmore's band, presents musical evenings full of attraction, and deserving of appreciation.

THE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE Theatre is announced to commence on Aug. 14, when "Sardanapalus" will be produced, under the direction of Charles Calvert, and with the scenery painted for its late production in England. Mlle. Bartoletti and Signor Ernesto Mascagno, supported by a large ballet corps, are to appear during the season. The cast will include F. C. Bangs, E. K. Collier, Henry Weaver, Louis Aldrich, Henry Hogan, E. F. Knowles, B. L. Mattock, A. H. Forrest, N. Jacques, A. Wilson, Miss Dore Goldthwaite and Agnes Booth.

EUGENIE, accompanied by John Unsworth, arrived from England on Aug. 2, in the steamship Abyssinia.

HARRY and FANNIE WOOD, Bennett and Kernell, the Lawrence Sisters, and Carrie Avery were added to the company at the Parisian Varieties on July 31. Harry and Fannie Wood gave satisfaction in the musical sketch called "Barney's Return," Bennett and Kennell created considerable mirth in the Irish sketch called "Lawyer Cute," and were seen in a Japanese performance; and Miss Carrie Avery won popular favor by her vocal efforts.

JAMES C. KENNY is now the leader of the orchestra at the Fifth-avenue Theatre.

THE UNION-SQUARE THEATRE is to be opened for a preliminary season Aug. 28, when Bret Harte's play, "Two Men of Sandy Bar," written expressly for Stuart Robson, will receive its first representations in this city.

HARRIGAN AND HART are to reappear, after an absence of fourteen months, at the Theatre Comique on Aug. 7. The following is a list of the officers and attaches: Harrigan and Hart, proprietors; M. W. Hanley, manager; Dave Braham, musical director; R. L. Weed, scenic artist; Charles Morrissey, painter machinist; Richard Doyle, engineer; J. Adams Graver, stage-manager; John Hooley Jr., treasurer; George Burnton, properties; and Miss Kate Devoy, costumer. A list of the company we published in a past issue.

CALL.—The company engaged for the opening of the Olympic Theatre are requested to assemble on the stage Aug. 14, and are referred to Geo. R. Edson's card in another column.

J. P. REYNOLDS, treasurer of Kelly & Leon's Minstrels, closed his engagement Aug. 5. He joins Charles Pope as his business-manager at the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, La.

BOBBY NEWCOMB, Little Mac, John Allen, Sheridan and Mack, and Alecia Jordan, have, it is said, formed a copartnership to visit England. They were to have sailed Aug. 5 in the City of Montreal, but their departure has been postponed, we think, as we do not find their names among the list of passengers.

### DRAMATIC.

**Managers, Agents, Doorkeepers, and Others**

Are respectfully requested not to extend any courtesies or information to persons claiming to be correspondents of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, unless they can exhibit a card of a YELLOW COLOR, with an engraving of THE CLIPPER BUILDING on one side, and on the other the names of the city, correspondent, etc., signed by the proprietor of the paper,

CINCINNATI VARIETY NEWS to Aug. 4, as sent by our correspondent: "The National Theatre Comique will reopen Saturday evening, Aug. 12, under the management of E. M. Witter, and a staff composed of Charles McDonald, director of amusements; W. Carter, treasurer; Dan Kinkle Jr., leader of orchestra; T. C. Powers, machinist; L. Locke, scenic artist; C. Fries, assistant artist; John S. Pendery, properties. The house is being thoroughly repainted and refitted, a new stage having been put in, and a new drop-curtain having just been completed. The scenery is also being repainted. The opening company will embrace Minnie and Maggie Claire, Eloise Allen, F. W. Bernard, Hassan Sisters, Murphy and Mack, Goss and Fox, Suydam Brothers, John McVeigh, Adah Dunbar, J. M. Burke, Thomas Coleman, J. B. Jackson, J. F. McDonough, W. P. Townsend, M. K. Hunter, Will Armiton, Viola Norton, Mrs. J. R. Allen, Carrie Miller and Nellie Townsend.....At Schickling's Opera Music Hall business is immense. There were no new people this week, and seemingly none needed. Rita May is to open 6, and the Martinetti Brothers and Leslie and Avery commence 20. The Ierd Sisters are also underlined.....At Heuck's Hall the new people this week were the Melos Children, clever little sketch artists; Annie Melos, serio-comic vocalist; and Prof. Robertus in magical feats.....At the Adelphi the new appearances have been Tommy Cassidy and Charley McCaslin, comedians, and Ella Stowe, vocalist. John McVeigh closed and went to Madison, Ind. Billy Maloney and Mabel Gray open 6.....The only addition to the company at Germania Hall has been Gus Shaw, character vocalist. Baby Ardine commences 6.....At the Eldorado Mary Mitchell and Harry Lester are to commence 6. John Clark and Emma Burnette closed, going to Madison, Ind.....March Adams takes out a company next (this) week to visit the fairs, consisting of Ella Stowe, La Pauline, Charley McCaslin, Joe Davidson, Taylor, Green and Taylor and others. They open 8 in Richmond, Ky."

MISS ADA ISAACS is announced as being engaged to perform at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., during the coming season. Various newspapers have published the report that she is a daughter of the late Adah Isaacs Menken. Such is not the case. Miss Isaacs was performing in England as a female blown long before Miss Menken visited that country, and, if we mistake not, she is now about the same age that Miss Menken would have been had she lived. The late Adah Isaacs Menken left no children.

THE LILLIPUTIAN CURIOSITY, Senorita Lucia Zarate, now being exhibited at Tony Pastor's Theatre, this city, can be secured by any party desirous of purchasing Mr. Billy Pastor's interest in the exhibition of this diminutive specimen of humanity. He publishes a card of particulars in this issue.

THE SEASON at the Comique, Williamsburg, N. Y., begins Sept. 18, and Manager Theall requests combinations desiring dates previous to this to address him at once, as per card.

SCANLON AND CRONIN are now playing at Maguire's Theatre, San Francisco, Cal.

KITTY ROWELL, Leo Gordon, Sig. Fabra and Miss Falony closed at the Odeon Varieties Theatre, Baltimore, Md., Aug. 5. Minnie Chapin, Fannie Florence and F. D. Harris are underlined for 7.

PERFORMERS desiring engagements at Galveston or Dallas, Texas, are referred to Dan J. Sprague's card in our business department.

THE BLOSSOMS—Nat and Bernetta—who can be addressed care of this office, commence an engagement at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 2.

CHARLES W. YOUNG, who recently went to his home in Greenville, O., from Albany, N. Y., quite ill, has entirely recovered his health, and is to leave there for Cincinnati, O., Aug. 7.

TALENT in all branches of the profession is wanted at Heuck's Hall, Cincinnati, O. See Manager Douglas' card.

HARRY MONTAGUE is prepared to arrange for Fall and Winter dates. He publishes a card in regard to his recent engagements, and a warning to those who may have appropriated his songs and title. Address care of this office.

STAR MUSIC HALL, West Meriden, Ct., will open Aug. 20 under F. A. Maynard's management. Talent is advertised for.

MILLER'S WINTER GARDEN, Philadelphia, has given an excellent entertainment during the past week, and been rewarded by extensive patronage. The programme led off with a very good first part—vocal and instrumental—by the company; followed by Goldie and Barry, acrobatic song-and-dance; Minnie Clyde, vocal gems; Martha Wren and Jas. Collins, in an Irish sketch entitled "Eileen Asthore;" Gus Mills, burlesque female impersonations; hoop perch, Misco Brothers; Sallie St. Clair, pedestal clog; Miss Octavia, in vocal selections; double trapeze by L. and W. Misco; comic sketch called "Very Suspicious," concluding with the laughable pantomime of "The Merry Cobbler." The new faces for the present week are Guy Denbar in his extraordinary feats of balancing and plate-spinning; Miss Pauline Parker, song-and-dance, and Geo. Volo.

THE ARTISTS engaged at the Olympic Theatre, this city, are referred to the card elsewhere in regard to their engagement. Managers of performers, stars, etc., can find dates at this house.

### NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

THE GEORGIA MINSTRELS are reported as playing to larger audiences than attracted by any other troupe in the towns on the Pacific Slope.

AMANDA ARCHER sends us the following letter, dated New York, Aug. 4: "I see in THE CLIPPER of July 29 that Ned Turner writes that he has commenced a suit for divorce from me. He is foolish to go to that trouble, as I have already got one from him, and, as I was no need of a divorce, as he had two wives living when he married me."

M. B. COWLES has been engaged as advance-agent with Haverly's Minstrels.

EDWIN FRENCH, banjoist, is to join Haverly's Minstrels Aug. 12, and Primrose and West, song-and-dance, 14.

W. RAYMOND, tenor-singer, formerly connected with Bryant's and San Francisco Minstrel Troupes, is open for an engagement. See card.

THE ARTISTS engaged for Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels are requested to assemble for rehearsal at the Eleventh-street Opera-house, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 15, at 11 o'clock A. M.

BEN BROWN is to rejoin Haverly's New Orleans Minstrels in two weeks.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS are billed for Wheeling, W. Va., Aug. 9, Cleveland 10, 12.

### CIRCUSES.

ROTHSCHILD'S EUROPEAN CIRCUS is to show in Keota, Ia., Aug. 7, Brighton 8, Washington 9, Columbus Junction 10, Wapello 11, Muscatine 12, Wilton Junction 14, Tipton 15, Mechanicsville 16.

ALEX. ROBINSON'S European Circus and Menagerie showed in Cortlandt, N. Y., July 31, and after the close of the evening performances the ladies and gentlemen of the company assembled in the parlors of a hotel, and presented John Glenroy, who has been a member of the company for the past seven years, with an elegant gold-headed cane said to be valued at $75. After the presentation refreshments were served, and the company and the invited guests (among the latter was the Mayor) enjoyed themselves until far into the morning. The show exhibited in Moravia Aug. 2, Dryden 3, Richford 4, Ithaca 5, and is billed in Owego 7, Tioga 8, Smithboro 9, Barton 10.

COL. CUSHING and Frank Howes are rusticating at Dover Point, N. H.

BARNUM'S CENTENNIAL Show is to exhibit in Dover, N. H., Aug. 19.

THE LONDON PAVILION SHOW will take a Southern tour during the Fall and Winter season, traveling by wagon. They exhibited at Halifax, Pa., July 29, Tunnelhill, Aug. 1, Bloomfield 2, Roseberry 3, Lansberg 3, Carlisle 4, Mechanicsburg 5. Route: Lewisburg 7, Bedford Springs 8. Performers are wanted, especially those engaged with Carrington's Southern Show last season. See Manager Davis' card.

CURIOSITIES are wanted for Cole's Circus. See card.

THOMAS TOLEN, the father of Jack Tolen the animal trainer, died at his home in St. Louis, Mo., July 26. He was well known to professionals.

BARNUM'S CENTENNIAL Show is to exhibit in Bangor, Me., Aug. 7, 8, Keene, N. H., 17.

DIBOLO "the fire demon," traveling with Burr Robbins' Circus, writes us, without giving place or date, to the effect that he submitted to a surgical operation on July 7—the amputation of his leg close to the hip joint. During the late Civil War he received a wound, and recently his leg ulcerated, an artery sloughed off, and mortification was imminent, hence the operation. He is rallying from the shock, and it is thought he will recover.

ESCAPE OF A SEA LION.—A cage containing two sea lions, belonging to Cooper, Bailey & Co.'s show, was backed into the lake at Oshkosh, Wis., Aug. 1, for the purpose of washing the cage and, giving the lions a bath. By some mischance the door in the rear of the cage became unfastened, and as the female lion slid back against it, it flew open, and the lion escaped into the lake, and swam off. Efforts have since been made for its recapture.

JOHN HICKEY of Howes' London Show is referred to M. E. Dow's advertisement.

ALL KINDS OF LIVING CURIOSITIES and a sleight-of-hand and Punch-and-Judy performer are wanted for the sideshow with Van Amburgh & Co.'s Menagerie. See F. P. Charvat's advertisement.

THE ROBINSON'S CIRCUS are billed in Wheeling, W. Va., July 31, Cameron Aug. 1, Piedmont 2, Grafton 3, Cumberland 4, Somerset 5, and is to show in West Point 7, Washington, D. C., 8, 9.

FOREPAUGH'S and O'Brien's shows are having a lively opposition fight in Ohio.

JNO. J. FOSTER has left Forepaugh, and is press-agent for O'Brien's show.

MACKINTIRE & ELLIS opened in Paterson, N. J., Aug. 2, for four days, with Frank Morris as treasurer and lecturer, and the following curiosities: Mackintire the snake-armed man; Lulu Zenobia, Circassian girl and snake-charmer; the Wild Boy of Australia; and Major Laty, Bermuda giant. The latter left on the 3d for his home. Route: Albany August 7, one week; Troy, one week; thence west to the Fairs, Business Ins.

ROBBINS' GREAT AMERICAN and Rentz's Royal German Allied Shows exhibited in Falls City, Neb., August 2, Hiawatha, Kas., 3, Sabetha 4, Seneca 5, and are billed in Marysville 7, Hanover 8, Frankfort 9, Centralia 10.

CIRCUS PROPERTY and sideshow outfits are advertised for sale by Wm. J. Metchear, or he will take a good working partner for the fair season. Mr. Metchear also wants to engage curiosities and other attractions.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

A PANORAMA, magic lanterns, scenery, lifting-machines, etc., are advertised for sale by W. J. Hammond.

SIMON AND WIFE, Indians, in their specialties, noticed in their card elsewhere, are open for engagements.

SMITH'S OPERA-HOUSE, Decatur, Ill., having been refitted, is open for rental. It has a seating capacity of 1,200, and dates can be secured from F. W. Hallnan, who advertises.

AT MCDONOUGH HALL, Middletown, Ct., dates can be secured by addressing A. M. Colegrove, as per card.

TREMONT (NEB.) OPERA-HOUSE is open for rental. See Manager Gibson's advertisement.

ROBERT RUSSELL, advance-agent, can be addressed as per card for engagements.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Cleveland, O., is open for the season, and dates can be obtained by applying to E. H. Geary, as per card.

MAGICAL APPARATUS can be obtained of De La Porte, who advertises.

CONCERT HALL, Philadelphia, Pa., is open for rental. See F. A. Luttman & Co.'s card.

RICHARD S. SMITH is painting the scenery for Concert Hall in Mount Holly, N. J., which it is thought will be completed on or about Aug. 20. It will seat some 600 persons.

T. A. WIGGINS, magician, made a 260-miles jump from Michigan into Indiana, showing in Roanoke Aug. 2, Huntington 3, Antioch 4, Logro 5.

SNAKES of various sizes are advertised for sale by J. Fraser.

P. MOCHET offers a number of large snakes for sale. See card.

BALLET LADIES IN PHILADELPHIA.—The managers of the Walnut-street Theatre advertised for fifty young ladies to assist in the production of a new play. They were called upon to present themselves at 10 A. M. on Tuesday, Aug. 1, but the rivalry among the fair ones superinduced a much earlier attendance, and at 8 A. M. the alley-way and corridors leading to the stage entrance of the theatre were made almost impassable by the fidgety waves of crinoline. Long before 9 o'clock the street upon which the side door of the theatre opens was obstructed by an army of pretty young women, many of them "stage-struck," some anxious for what promised to gratify a disposition for fun, and very many attracted by the pinching fangs of necessity. The last number were by far the greatest, and revealed by their plain attire some of the real want which has visited the poorer class of working-girls. In all, the applicants numbered over three hundred. In due time Mr. Smith, the ballet-master, arrived, and was hailed with a shout that quite astonished the veteran, who, bewildered by the number who recognized him as a friend of former years, with difficulty forced his way through the crowd to the stage, and proceeded to the business of selecting water nymphs, angels, fairies, and children of the moon, which required a considerable share of patience, and many who had no knowledge of ballets when ordered to step out seemed astonished. "And what can you do?" was asked of a plainly-dressed, sweet-faced girl who stood next in line. The poor girl cast her eyes down and seemed unable to reply to the question; when she made the effort to speak the tears that she strove hard to repress welled into her eyes and she hid her face in her hands. "Never mind, my child," said the kind-hearted Smith; "we'll make an angel of you, too." It was the old story of a poor working-girl endeavoring to support the younger and more helpless ones at home. The girl's eyes brightened when she found she had been selected, and she raised her head and showed the sweet smile of honest triumph over the howling wolf which was probably even then threatening the door. In this way the experienced ballet-master passed through the multitude of applicants, picking out one here and one there who were best adapted to the requirements of the spectacular representation. His practiced eye enabled him to do his work quickly, and in less than forty minutes he had made selection of the fifty women advertised for. These young ladies will receive $6 a week during the run of the piece.

TALLY'S OPERA-HOUSE, Shreveport, La., is advertised to rent or let on sharing terms. It has a seating capacity of six hundred.

A HALF-INTEREST in Chevalier's Mirror of the United States can be purchased of W. R. Parcher, who advertises.

A SET of marionettes, Indian box and basket trick, and other illusions are offered for sale by F. A. Bicaise. See card.

LIVING CURIOSITIES, Punch and Judy, sleight-of-hand performers and sideshow solicitors are advertised for by McIntire & Ellis.

A NUMBER OF ANIMAL HEADS are wanted by John Templeton. See particulars in business department.

A VARIETY OF ILLUSIONS are offered for sale by W. J. Judd. See card.

A LOT OF SECOND-HAND scenery is offered for sale by J. McFarlane, who advertises.

CITY HALL, Meriden, Ct., can be rented by applying to William Seymour, who advertises the house as having a seating capacity of 1,000, and as being furnished with good scenery, stage, etc.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Terre Haute, Ind., can be engaged for long or short time by addressing William Pelissier, lessee and manager, who advertises the rental and other particulars in our business department.

RICHARD D. SHAW advertises a number of animals and paintings for sale.

SEIFF'S NEW OPERA-HOUSE, Seymour, Ind., can be rented by applying as per card.

GIUSEPPE CORDELLA, ballet-master, advertises for an engagement.

ACCOMMODATIONS for professionals visiting Philadelphia, Pa., can be found at the address advertised in our business department. The house is recommended by Salsbury's Troubadours.

JOHN LAFOLLE, billposter, can be addressed care of this office.

MENDELSSOHN HALL, Owensboro, Ky., can be rented by applying to Manager E. G. Buckner, who advertises the rental, etc., in our business department.

P. W. SHRADER, advance-agent, is open for an engagement. See card.

CHAS. H. DAY, advance agent, business-manager and press-agent, is at liberty to engage for the coming season. See advertisement.

TUCKER BROS., Show painters, offer new designs to the profession. See card.

TRIMBLE'S VARIETIES THEATRE, Pittsburg, Pa., is open for rental. See advertisement.

A FEW CONJURING TRICKS can be purchased of C. G. Veeder. See advertisement.

AT ATLANTIC CITY (N. J.) OPERA-HOUSE dates can be obtained, as per card, at any time during the season, through Proprietor H. B. Kimball, who informs us that the house has not been leased from Sept. 11, as previously stated, but is open for occupancy by all first-class troupes.

ARTISTS owning cuts, and desiring to have their printing done on reasonable terms, are referred to John Stetson's advertisement.

W. ENRIGHT advertises street galvanic-batteries for sale.

MERCHANTS' STEREOPTICON EXHIBITION of Ireland, Italy and America is offered for sale by E. B. Merchants, whose address find in another column. It consists of 140 views, with lecture, wood-cuts, etc.

ALF BURNETT, who has been performing in California the past four months, closed his tour Aug. 5, and is now homeward bound, stopping in Wadsworth, Truckee, Evanston, Lincoln, thence to New York. D. G. Waldron is no longer in his employ.

DAVID HELLER & Co., billposters and advertisers for Mobile, Ala., advertise elsewhere.

### AMATEUR.

THE MAYO DRAMATIC CLUB of Louisville, Ky., gave their last performance for this season July 28, acting "All That Glitters" and "The Smiths and Browns," for the benefit of John R. Botto.

THE MCCULLOUGH DRAMATIC CLUB of Cincinnati, O., elected the following officers on July 27: C. H. English, president; J. E. Wegelin, secretary; Frank Anico, treasurer; H. B. Grove, stage-manager; G. C. Urban, prompter; L. H. Hennington, properties.

## FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

### DRAMATIC.

"CHATEAUFORT" is the name of a new three-act drama recently brought out at the Gymnase Theatre, Paris, France. It is by the Comtesse de Mirabeau, and the following uncomplimentary notice is from the pen of *The Era* correspondent: "The author of the new piece at the Gymnase has not been timid to make the characters in her play guilty of actions and language of the grossest brutality, and, in spite of the authority acquired by her position, it is more than doubtful, I think, that any such conduct or mode of speech as she describes can be tolerated in the Faubourg Saint-Germain or the Faubourg Saint-Honoré. The Comtesse de Mirabeau leads us into a family of the highest social rank. The Duc de Chateaufort, a second edition of M. de Camors, is a man of position in the diplomatic world, one who is regarded as likely some day to be Ambassador of France at some foreign Court. He has made a mark in letters as a sound writer, and to all outward appearance is a grave, honorable, honest man, while in reality he is a hypocritical rake. He has married, for the sake of her fortune, the daughter of the Marquis de Ponteville, a sufficiently stupid, but withal amiable old gentleman, who has espoused as his second wife a young lady of rather questionable character. At any rate the audience is soon informed that Chateaufort has already had an intrigue with his wife's mother. Madame de Chateaufort is aware of her husband's infamy, and makes no secret of her knowledge. She tells it to her notary, to the Duke, and finally to the stepmother herself, concealing it from no one but her father, as she fears the revelation of such a terrible secret might kill him. The young Duchess possesses proof of the Marquise's guilt in the shape of the letter addressed by the latter to Chateaufort, and this she is about to confide to the custody of a young gentleman, one M. de Vergennes, who has been her companion from childhood, after her dinner," she says, "I will slip the letter under my work-basket, and you will have merely to take it!" Rather a singular way of concealing such a precious document. But Madame de Chateaufort has strange notions, for she places the letter beneath the basket before the whole family assembled in the drawing-room. The stepmother, of course, like everyone else, perceives the Duchess' movement, and, in the face of every one, exclaims: "Madame, you have a lover, and that lover is M. de Vergennes!" Then, in the midst of the general consternation produced by this short but effective speech, the Marquise adds—"And the proof that you are his mistress lies in the letter you have placed for him under that basket!" Madame de Chateaufort turns pale as her father snatches the fatal piece of paper. She throws herself on her knees, imploring him not to read it, but in an instant he has perused it, and has thus been made acquainted with the guilt of his wife and the shame of his son-in-law. The situation is not striking in originality or force, but by some means or other Madame de Mirabeau has treated it so inartistically, and Frances plays it so indifferently, that it becomes next door to comic. Finally, Chateaufort, as the only means of reparation he can adopt, blows out his brains; the Marquise passes from the monde to the demi-monde, leaving the old fool who had married her to regret his having bestowed his name on an adventuress; and the widowed Duchess is free to be none Madame de Vergennes. I have hurried over the recital of this piece, and have purposely omitted several details of the most revolting crudity. I am sorry to see that the play still continues on the bills, though the first night it was heartily hissed, and, as most people thought, thoroughly damned."

"LES CINQ FILLES DE CASTILLON," a new one-act comedy by Paul Ferrier, was also recently produced at the Gymnase, Paris. One would fancy the author had taken the idea of his subject from Bible history, for Castillon's mode of acting and thinking is not unlike that of Laban. He possesses five daughters, the youngest of whom is Celie, and with this pretty girl M. de Puygyarrard has fallen over head and ears in love. "If you wish to marry her," says Castillon, "you must first find husbands for her four elder sisters," and so the modern Jacob sets himself to his task manfully—with rapid success so far as three are concerned, for he discovers a notary, a commandant, and a noble sportsman, each of whom becomes the accepted author of Elvire, Marcelle and Therese, respectively. But with Jeanne, the fourth of this numerous family, the difficulty is greater, and, in fact, insurmountable. She will not look favorably on any *parti* introduced by Puygyarrard, and so the poor fellow's successful exertions in other cases are thrown away, for he is no nearer than at first to the object for which he had undertaken them. The reason of Jeanne's obstinacy is explained to Puygyarrard when he finds out that she is in love with himself, and very fortunately Celie's affection is transferred to the title of the Marquis d'Encayrac, so that our butterfly lover can ask Jeanne to accept him as Rachel did Jacob, with the exception that Puygyarrard is not a bigamist, like his prototype. The piece is very gay, and only suffers from the drawback that its denouement can be too soon foreseen. It produced a very favorable impression, many of the details being charming, and the dialogue lively and animated.

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS was at last accounts, June 14, playing at the Theatre Royal, Sydney, N. S. W., supported by George D. Chaplin.

CHARLES COGHLAN has finished a new comedy for the Court Theatre, London.

THE IMPERIAL THEATRES of St. Petersburg and Moscow, Russia, and the opera at Vienna, Austria, are preparing for the production of the ballet of "Sylvia."

BAKER AND PARSON were to have begun an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Sydney, N. S. W. July 1.

THERE had been no interruption of the warm spell which prevailed in London at previous advices, and business in consequence continued non-paying at all the theatres and other places of indoor amusement in the British metropolis; but the gardens and other Summer resorts were enjoying prosperous patronage to a degree they had not experienced for some years.

"ROSEDALE" was first presented before an English audience upon the opening of the Summer season at the Surrey Theatre, London. Miss Minnie Walton appeared as Rose Leigh, J. A. Arnold as Elliot Grey, Mr. Gresham as Miles McKenna, and Harry Jackson as Bunbury Kobb.

RENA AND FRED G. MAEDER opened in the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, Australia, June 24, in "Cush." Private advices dated June 25 state that the house was jammed, and our informant says: "Such applause and laughter we never before heard within the walls of a theatre. Rena was lavishly applauded and praised for her natural impersonation of an Irish girl."

J. K. EMMET began an engagement in the Victoria Theatre, Sydney, N. S. W., June 10, and private advices dated June 26 inform us that he has played to large business, and that "Fritz" still holds the boards, as it will probably continue to do until the close of his engagement. He has had to oppose him Wilson's Circus, Mrs. Scott-Siddons, George Chaplin, the United States Minstrels, and others.

J. K. EMMET is to begin an engagement at the Opera-house, Melbourne, Australia, in August, when he will produce, for the first time on any stage, a new play written for him, entitled "Jan, the New German."

### Parisian Gossip.

A CLIPPER correspondent sends us the following under date of

PARIS, July 21, 1876.

DEAR CLIPPER.—Despite the dull Summer season and sultry weather, the Gymnase Theatre has just met with another of its accustomed successes, and the new play is quite competent to drive the blues of sensational freedom with any work of Alexandre Dumas, Victorien Sardou, or Henri Meilhac and Halevy. The bold realism of "Chateaufort" is rendered still more attractive to a moral mind by the known fact that the characters and incidents were originally sketched faithfully from life. Even in its modified form the drama gave signs of a considerable power of sarcasm possessed by the hitherto mysterious Countess of Mirabeau. The reporter of *The Figaro* has indeed caught a whisper from behind the scenes, which, if it speaks truly, shows that the lady authoress is possessed of no little pertinacity as well as originality. The story is that she called some three years ago on the director of the Gymnase and offered him the manuscript of "Chateaufort." The director made the usual excuses—he had a number of pieces, all by old-established friends, waiting to be played. "Ah, no matter; if that is all," insinuated the authoress, "I will call again in a year." At the end of the year the Countess reappeared, but her reception was not more promising. The director was in the midst of renumering the celebrated authors whose plays were on his shelf when he was again cut short by the unanswerable reply: "Oh, no matter; I will come again next year." The following year—that is, in 1876—the lady presented herself daily at the stage door. The enemy, thus besieged, began to be alarmed. He read the play; he ordered an actor to cut out. The lady instantly cut out two. In despair, he then referred her to M. Dumas for his advice and assistance. The only answer obtained from the elder author was to the effect that "if he had not written 'L'Etrangere' he would wish to have written 'Chateaufort.'" In the face of this recommendation, it was hardly possible any longer to object. The director now feebly asked the authoress if mounting the piece, the low state of his finances, etc. He was beaten, and the only further resistance he made was to order the piece, instead of being brought out at a reasonable time, to be played in the dog-days. But having triumphed over all the successive obstacles of red-tapeism and routine, the Countess set high Gentiere at naught, and all admirers of feminine perseverance feel bound to reward her by enduring an hour or so of torture at the popular Gymnase. Let us hope that although the feelings of strict propriety may be shocked a little more rudely than they have been of late, "Chateaufort" is really a success, and can be pointed at as being at once novel, true and new; the points are good, and the hits are hard. It strikes home to many. Some New York manager could not do better than to put it on his stage. .....Something authentic last month in favorite actress and charming beauty lost her husband (?). A few days after the sad event a lady friend called on her, and was astonished to find the fair charmer at her piano. "What! at your piano? I thought to find you buried in grief." "My dear," answered she in prophetic tone, "you should have seen me yesterday." .....The weather has not had so far a romantic drum that will bear translation. "What mechanics amuse Cupid most? Locksmiths—because Love laughs at locksmiths." .....How can we keep cool when the thermometer is ace-high? A lady advises the following: Suppose while walking out you meet a friend—yes, all right. Ask him for the loan of ten dollars. He shrugs his cold shoulder, which throws coolness around promiscuously.

### MUSICAL.

A MARBLE STATUE of Mercadante, by the sculptor Tito Angelini, has been placed on its pedestal in the Place de Fontana-Medina, at Naples. It bears the following inscription: "To Francesco Saverio Mercadante, who, alone, perhaps, knew how to unite the ancient and patriotic melody to the thought and sentiment of the age, the Academy, the commune, the citizens."

EDWIN RANSFORD, for very many years a popular English vocalist, died at his residence in London on Tuesday, July 11, at the age of seventy-one. He was born at Bognitorcestershire, England, on March 13, 1805, and first appeared on the stage at Covent-garden Theatre, London, May 27, 1829, as Don Cæsar in the opera of "The Castle of Andalusia." The immediate cause of death was dropsy and disease of the heart.

MISS TERESA GREENWAY (Mrs. George Prestwich), a sister of Mme. Haigh-Dyer, and formerly a member of G. B. Loveday's and Henry Haigh's Opera Company, died at Cape Town, South Africa, May 31.

JAMES SMITH, late leader of the orchestra at the Foresters' Music Hall, London, died July 8, aged 29.

HERR AUGUSTUS ROCKEL, who was a colleague of Herr Wagner at the Opera-house, Dresden, Germany, died July 16, at Pesth.

MISS CHARLOTTE ROYAL, daughter of the great flautist Creed Royal, died in Rockhampton, Australia, May 2, aged 31. Deceased was an accomplished vocalist, and was first married to T. F. Rowe, brother of George Fawcett Rowe, by whom she had one son, who is still living. She subsequently married D. B. O'Hara, professionally known as Dan Briggs.

THE OPERA SEASON at Covent-garden Theatre, London, Eng., closed July 15, and that at Drury-lane July 29.

### VARIETY HALLS.

JOLLY NASH is now "doing turns" at five different music halls nightly in London.

G. B. HARCOURT AND KATE O'CONNOR, Ella Wesner, Wayne, Lovely, Cotton and Birdue and the Jackleys are among those appearing nightly at the Royal Cambridge, London.

THE GARRETTAS, G. H. Macdermott, and Canfield and Booker perform nightly at the London Pavilion and other music halls in the metropolis.

THE RAYNOR BROTHERS are among the chief cards at Metropolitan Music Hall and the Cremorne Gardens, London.

WILLIAM ASHCROFT was to have been the recipient of a testimonial upon the occasion of his farewell benefit at the Royal Cambridge, London, Eng., July 26.

### CIRCUSES.

A PETITION for liquidation has been filed in the Chester County Court, Eng., by Messrs. Rizareli Brothers, circus proprietors. The liabilities are estimated at £6,000. C. H. Rhodes of Halifax, accountant, has been appointed receiver.

## AMUSEMENTS.

### THEATRE COMIQUE.

HARRIGAN & HART.....Lessees
M. W. HANLEY.....Manager
514 BROADWAY.
Opposite the Saint Nicholas Hotel.

MONDAY, AUG. 7.
GRAND INAUGURATION
of the
FALL AND WINTER SEASON.

This elegant and favorite Temple of Amusement having been remodeled, painted and decorated, will be devoted to the production of nothing but first-class entertainments, consisting of

CHARACTER SKETCHES, NEGRO ACTS,
COMEDY, DRAMA,
FARCE, BURLESQUE, SONGS, DANCES, ETC.

AS CANDIDATES FOR PUBLIC FAVOR
the managers are proud to present the names of the following popular artists:
HARRIGAN AND HART,
in their own original sayings, sketches and character portraitures.
MISS ADAH RICHMOND,
the favorite serio-comic vocalist, comedienne and burlesque actress.
MR. BILLY BARRY,
"The African Momus," in negro specialties.
MISS FANNY RUSH,
the favorite soubrette, in comedy and ballads.
MR. BILLY GRAY,
eccentric Ethiopian delineator of Scotch and Irish character.
MISS ALICE BENNETT,
the Young American Nightingale.
MR. SIG. CARTER,
King of Banjoists.
MISS ADAH BOSHELL,
the pleasing singer, have a lover, and Irish duet.
QUILTER AND GOLDRICH,
in their original songs-and-dances.
MR. LARRY TOOLEY,
the Bismarck of Teutonic Warblers.
HANNAH BURCH,
versatile actress and impersonator of the female darky.
ALMONTA BROS.,
celebrated acrobats and tumblers.
MAY STUART,
the pleasing Comedienne.
JOHN WILLIAMS,
in his unrivaled "Lancashire Clog-dance."
MISS ADELAIDE VANCE,
Actress and Vocalist.
MR. G. W. H. GRIFFIN,
the popular Basso Cantante.
MR. J. ADAMS GRAVER,
Character and Eccentric Actor.
MISS JESSIE MELLON,
the dashing Vocalist and Actress.
MR. SAM HOLDSWORTH,
the well-known Tenor Vocalist.
MR. ALFRED BEVERLY,
Favorite Comedian and Comic Singer.
MR. EUGENE HARLOW,
Eccentric and Character Artist.
MR. DAVE BRAHAM,
the well-known Composer and Musical Director, will conduct the superb orchestra.

THIS UNRIVALED COMBINATION OF ARTISTS WILL APPEAR EVERY EVENING
AND ON
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY MATINEES
For further particulars see BILLS OF THE DAY. 20-1t

PARISIAN NOVELTIES,
14TH STREET AND BROADWAY.
DEFIES COMPETITION.
100 BRILLIANT STAR ARTISTS IN 20 NEW ACTS.
THE DIZZY FIRES.
Taming a Wife. Civil-rights Bill.
Les Parisiennes. Connubial Complications.
First appearance in America of JEWEL GEORDIE, England's most popular and sensational vocalist.
CLARK GIBBS, ANDY COLLOM,
HUBER AND GLIDDEN, THE FOXES.
THE WOODS. LAWRENCE SISTERS.
MINNIE HALE, ADA GERARD,
MLLE. BERTHA AND SENOR NOVISSIMO,
MLLE. YOUNG, MLLE. CLIFFORD, JOHN GOURLAY,
FRANK H. WILLIAMS, CHARLES FOWMAN, and an endless number of popular favorites. Evenings at 8. Matinee Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Talent desiring engagement must apply by letter or in person. 20-1t*

KELLY & LEON'S OPERA-HOUSE, 23D STREET.
KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS.
Manager.....MR. EDWIN KELLY
THE ISLAND OF BACHELORS.
THE ISLAND OF BACHELORS.
THE ISLAND OF BACHELORS.
Their burlesques are now the talk of Gotham.—N.Y. HERALD.
THE ISLAND OF BACHELORS.
It moves blithely to a merry conclusion.—N.Y. GRAPHIC.
Soldiers to the Front, with music from "Geneviève de Brabant." A great success.
SATURDAY, AUG. 19.
MONS. CHOUFLEURI AT HOME.
MONS. CHOUFLEURI AT HOME.
Offenbach's Funniest of Comic Operas.
MONS. CHOUFLEURI, THE ONLY LEON.
MCANDREWS, LEW BENEDICT,
EDWIN LESTER, C. H. GORDON.
All the stars of this favorite company in the cast. 20-1t*

BOOTH'S THEATRE.
SARDANAPALUS.
JARRETT & PALMER.....Lessees and Managers
GRAND REOPENING
MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 14, 1876.
Production of Lord Byron's great play SARDANAPALUS, without exception the grandest stage-offering of the century.
EVERYTHING NEW.
The sale of seats will begin next THURSDAY morning at 8 o'clock. Particulars hereafter. 20-1t

TONY PASTOR'S NEW THEATRE,
No. 585 BROADWAY (opposite Metropolitan Hotel).
MONDAY, AUG. 7,
Positively last week of the Summer season.
THE GREATEST OF ALL STAGE IRISHMEN,
The Original, the Comical, the Inimitable
PAT ROONEY. PAT ROONEY.
PAT ROONEY. PAT ROONEY.
A living girl, 30 inches high, 12 years old, weighing only 5 pounds, on exhibition daily, from 7 A. M. to 9 P. M. The Wonder of the World.
MISS EMILY PRIOR, Vocalist.
MLLE LA FERVE, Gymnast.
THOMAS DIAMOND, Harpist.
NED WAMBOLD, Negro Comedian.
PHIL HEATH, Ventriloquist.
Tierney and Cronin, song-and-dance; Murphy and Shannon, Dutch comedy; John Gilbert, eccentric sketches; Frank George, Irish songs; Harry Phillips, comedian.
MATINEES TUESDAY AND FRIDAY. 20-1t

FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE.
Proprietor and Manager.....MR. AUGUSTIN DALY
SOTHERN AS DUNDREARY.
Every night at eight o'clock,
MR. SOTHERN'S
first appearance in two years, and elaborate revival of
OUR AMERICAN COUSIN
MR. SOTHERN in his original creation of
LORD DUNDREARY.
Saturday at 2, SOTHERN DUNDREARY matinee. 20-1t

GILMORE'S SPECIAL CONCERT GARDEN.
EVERY EVENING AT 8 O'CLOCK.
MR. P. S. GILMORE,
LEVY,
AND THE FAMOUS MILITARY BAND.
Admission 50c.; boxes, four places, $3 and $4. 13-tf

CALL—OLYMPIC THEATRE, NEW YORK.—The entire company engaged for the opening of the above theatre will assemble on the stage for rehearsal MONDAY, AUG. 14, at 10 o'clock A. M. The following dramatic artists will assemble TUESDAY, AUG. 15, at 11 o'clock A. M.: Messrs. Grismer, Nichols, Fearson, Walsh, Allison, and Misses Mealister and Ellis.
GEORGE R. EDESON,
20-1t Assistant Manager.

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An unprincipled individual named L. Martin, while acting as prompter of McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, appropriated a copy of my manuscript of "Col. Sellers," and has since offered it for sale through the medium of another party. This is to warn members of the profession from purchasing the manuscript, and managers from producing it, as a performance of the play will cause those interested to be prosecuted according to law.

I take this opportunity to thank those brother artists who generously notified me of the intentions of this unworthy person. JOHN T. RAYMOND.
San Francisco, Cal., July 12, 1876. 18-3t

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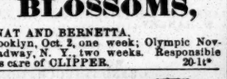

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